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NOVEMBER 22, 1971

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TIME

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Sills**





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he wants them just right.
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right feel. He won't
have it any other way.
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They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.



Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Aug. 71.

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Congratulations, SAAB!



1972 SAAB 99E

Your better bumpers have earned a 15% discount on Allstate collision insurance

A little over a year and a half ago, Allstate made a promise: "We'll cut collision insurance rates 20% for any car the manufacturer certifies through independent tests can take a 5 mph crash into a test barrier, front and rear, without damage."

While the 1972 SAAB 99E doesn't qualify for this 20% discount, its bumpers are tough enough to get Allstate's 15% discount on collision insurance.

We're also pleased to report that many other automakers are featuring better bumpers on their 1972 models, though none as yet qualify for an Allstate discount.

Tougher bumpers are on the way. And that's good news. Because tougher bumpers on all new cars could save American drivers over a billion dollars a year.

It's one of the best ways we know to hold down today's high cost of auto insurance.

Allstate®

Let's make driving a good thing again.

In a few states where rates are standard, discounts cannot apply.
Allstate Insurance Companies, Northbrook, Illinois

(HOTTEST NEWS FOR BUSINESS EXECUTIVES.)

Now expand your warehouse space at the ridiculously low cost of \$2⁵⁰ per square foot.

By expanding upward with a double-deck shelving system.

If your warehouse construction plans are clouded because of soaring costs, then take note of these facts:

1. Double-decking takes existing storage space and practically doubles it.
2. It allows you to consider your available storage space in terms of cubic feet as well as square feet.
3. You can add a second deck to a shelving system for between \$2.50 and \$3.50 a square foot, depending on understructure materials.
4. Compared to average warehouse construction costs of \$8 per square foot, it is possible to achieve a capital expense savings of up to 56%, or more.

Concept pioneered by Borroughs Division, Lear Siegler, Inc.

Pioneered, developed and refined over the years by the Borroughs Division, Lear Siegler, Inc., Kalamazoo, Mich., the double-deck concept has grown in scope and usage.

Hundreds of firms, both small and large, already have double-deck and even triple-deck systems, many of which not only achieved initial capital savings, but have caused operation expense reductions as well.



Double-deck system using combination catwalk and full mat.



Double-deck system using catwalks.

The reason?

When this type of system is planned and installed by a storage equipment specialist...your Borroughs Distributor, it can be one of the most efficient storage systems you can achieve.

Write or call the Borroughs distributor listed at right, for complete information about decked shelving systems.



Unique Services of a Borroughs Distributor for All Storage Needs.

Your Borroughs Distributor is unique in that he is a storage equipment specialist. His staff of trained technicians and engineers does nothing else. He surveys, designs, delivers and installs any type of storage system, from the simplest to the most complex. And he has a complete stock of equipment on hand for immediate delivery. Call him. You'll be in hands you can trust.



This warehouse was taken by a Borroughs Distributor...



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Gentlemen: Please send me your:

- ☐ Double-deck checklist
- ☐ Condensed catalog of shelving systems.
- ☐ Have a shelving technician call.

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Free Double-Deck Shelving Checklist!

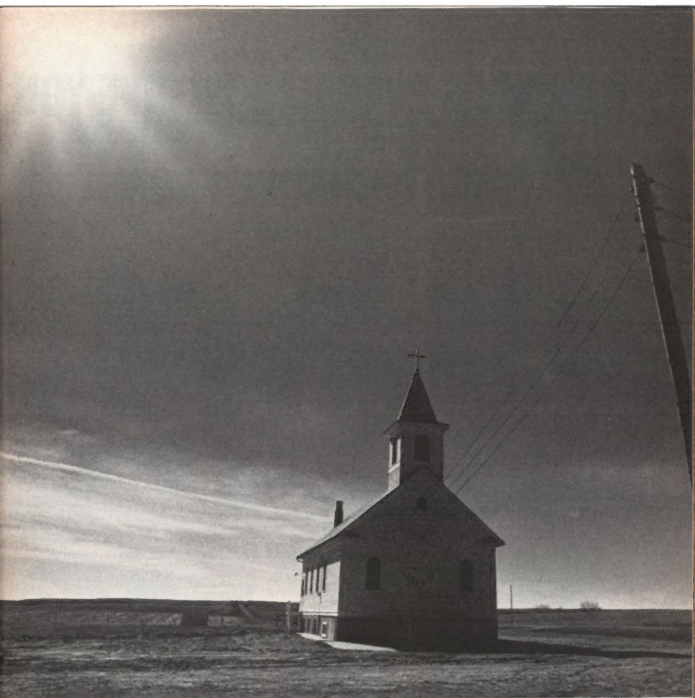
Lists design factors that must be considered in planning a double-deck installation.

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BOROUGH'S DIVISION

3000 N. Burdick Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49003



Years ago, we of America's rural electric systems accepted the challenge of providing dependable electric power across our countryside . . . no matter how remote or thinly settled the area. ☐ Today, we are applying the abilities and imagination which solved our power problem of the thirties to our power problem of the seventies—our nation's search for an energy policy that will ensure for all Americans an adequate power supply within a clean environment. ☐ We believe the job can be done. Helping get it done is our guiding purpose today.

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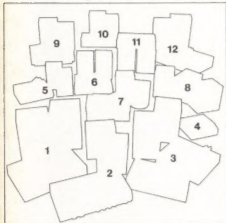


WE HAD TO.

Would you buy a stereo from someone you hadn't heard much about? Not many people would.

And that's our problem.

Although we've got the best values in



packaged component stereos you can find, not many people have ever heard of us.

So we had to do something about it. For one thing, we had to design the largest collection of stereo systems you're likely to find anywhere. And we had to engineer these systems chock-full of the finest components and circuitry we could put together for the money.

We had to make ourselves sound better than all those other systems you have heard about. So you'd start hearing about us.

Check over all these systems. We think you're going to find a stereo you like. But if you don't, we'll have to do something about that, too.

1. Our complete home entertainment system, model 6661. AM / FM stereo radio, 4-speed BSR

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2. If you're into 8-track, it's model 1900. Pop-up 8-track playback unit, AM / FM stereo radio and BSR mini-turntable. **159.95**

3. This is an AM / FM stereo radio and phonograph with a lot of extra features: 4-piece flexibility, air-suspension speakers, slide controls, integrated circuitry, monaural muting switch, record cueing lever, field effect transistors, and more. Model 1312. **199.95**

4. A stereo cassette tape deck. Plays and records through any amplifying system. Automatic tape shutoff. Pause control. Dual microphone and phono inputs. Model 7525. **89.95**

5. A 3-piece stereo phonograph. Slide controls. Headphone jack. BSR 4-speed turntable. Dust-cover included. Model 1101. Under **80.00**

6. A stereo system for 99.95, model 1310. AM / FM stereo radio and 4-speed BSR automatic mini-record changer. Solid-state circuitry, headphone jack. **99.95**

7. Model 1311 gives you two kinds of flexibility: a 4-piece design and swivel speakers. You can mount the BSR mini-changer over the AM / FM stereo tuner / amplifier, or arrange the components all over your room. White, or walnut veneer. **149.95**

8. Model 1701 is an 8-track playback unit for the home with a built-in AM / FM stereo radio. Pushbutton channel selector on the tape unit. Continuous range tone control. Separate balance control. **119.95**

9. Our 299.95 complete home entertainment system gives you air-suspension speakers and automatic end-of-cassette shutoff.

As well as an AM / FM stereo tuner with slide controls, field effect transistors, AFC switch and black-out dial. A BSR automatic turntable with a 4-pole induction motor, cueing lever and ceramic cartridge. And a cassette tape recorder with front-mounted recording meters and a cassette storage bin. Model 1981. **299.95**

10. An 8-track cartridge tape recorder and playback unit, plus an AM / FM stereo radio. Make your own 8-track recordings of records or the built-in stereo radio. Model 1758. Just **229.95**

11. Beautiful looks and sounds: our 8-track tape player and AM / FM stereo radio. Pushbutton channel selector. Field effect transistors and integrated circuits in the tuner. Model 1702. **159.95**

12. Our best system, model 1980. A deluxe home entertainment center. Turntable. AM / FM stereo radio. And cassette tape recorder. Powerful amplifier. 14 tuning controls. Advanced circuitry. Magnetic cartridge in the tone arm. Air-suspension speakers. **399.95**

We stand behind every one of these systems with our traditional JCPenney service and concern for product quality. We also give you the option of our Time Payment Plan to fit the system you want into your budget.

We put all these things into our 12 systems because we had to. We had to make ourselves sound better.

Which has to make ours the best sounding group of gift ideas for Christmas giving or getting.

But don't just take our word for it. Stop in and hear just how much better we do sound. All of us.

At JCPenney, the values are here every day.

JCPenney STEREO SYSTEMS

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**the lure of
the vasty deep
for just \$9.95**

Alas, how few of us have physical stamina and spiritual strength to don wet suit and mask and... armed only with harpoon and camera... join sleek-muscled youths in exploration of Neptune's watery domain. But now, slightly breathless, and on terra firma, you may participate (at least vicariously) in romantic undersea exploits by donning HAVERDIVER WATCH. This remarkable Swiss time-piece features luminous dial, sweep-second, lapsed time indicator, calendar, steel body, tropical strap, and one lovingly positioned jewel. We list HAVERDIVER at \$16.95, but today—swept up in a tide of good fellowship—it's just \$9.95... a laughable bargain. And that isn't all! We'll also send you our color-full 56-page catalog and a \$2 Gift Certificate. HAVERDIVER is guaranteed in writing for one full year and if you are not delighted you may return it within two weeks for speedy and courteous refund. So, for a reliable, good looking watch that you don't have to take off in shower, bathtub, pool or sauna, and with which you may even gambol in Neptune's realm of mermaid, stingray and octopus, jot your name, address and zip on the margin, send us your check for \$10.95 (\$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and insurance—fellow Californians please add another \$.55 for our leader in Sacramento) and we shall float that HAVERDIVER right out to you.

583 Washington, San Francisco 94111

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LETTERS

Open Madison's Grave

Sir: The nomination of William Rehnquist by President Nixon to be an Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court [Nov. 1] is beyond the comprehension of any citizen whose political philosophy is grounded on the Bill of Rights. It not only indicates the real lack of eminent jurists who agree with the Nixon theories, but it also reveals the shallowness of the President's own political beliefs and his inability to perceive the long-term consequences of his expedient acts.

No virtuous wrapping of Mr. Rehnquist in such adjectives as "brilliant," "scholarly," "logical," "superb" can obscure his belief that society's rights are superior to individual rights. If this nomination is confirmed by the Senate, then open Madison's grave and throw in the Bill of Rights to keep him company. It will be of no use to us!

ROBERT B. ELLIOTT
Albany, Calif.

Sir: Your otherwise excellent roundup on the Supreme Court nominations ignored the historic fact that no one can predict the ideological behavior of a Justice. Few of them have followed the party line of the nominating Administration, and those that have, have tended to lack influence in the court.

The agonizing of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Mitchell over the political coloration of their candidates is nothing but a tedious, ignorant waste of time.

CARLETON JONES
Baltimore

Sir: If Nixon would stop fretting about his place in the damn history books and tend to the quotidian business of running this country, those same history books might have a better verdict to return on his efforts. Whether it's putting in a phone call to the men on the moon or molding a Supreme Court, Richard Nixon seems to think only in terms of his own footnotes in weighty tomes, rather than the well-being of the country he is supposed to be leading.

TERRENCE MAITLAND
Woburn, Mass.

Revoking the Credit Card

Sir: Why all the disturbance about the Republic of China's expulsion from the U.N. [Nov. 8]? In fact, Chiang Kai-shek has been snobbishly dismissed from an impotent and ineffective international social fraternity. Revocation of his American Express card would have been a more consequential abashment.

E.F. DONNAN JR.
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: The expulsion of Taiwan from the United Nations may be followed by expulsions of other members of the world organization if the U.S. does not cut its financial support and request the Assembly to move out of North America.

The U.S. may be kicked out just to prove that the Red slogan "the American imperialist is a paper tiger and bean-curd tiger" is true.

JAMES LEE
Kowloon, Hong Kong

Sir: The decline of the League of Nations began with the League's refusal to extend its support to Ethiopia against Italy.

History will record that the decline of the United Nations began on Oct. 25, 1971, when the U.N. expelled Nationalist China.

GERT P. ARNSTEIN
Los Angeles

Sir: I can only say how very funny that the Communist countries now meet in the U.S., to dictate their will to the U.S., supported by U.S. funds.

Perhaps now the U.S. citizens will realize that the U.N. is a big circus and that they are the clowns, for they are footing the bill.

E. KRUGER
Pretoria, South Africa

Neon, Tinsel and Noise

Sir: And now we have it, Jesus Christ [Oct. 25] in Disneyland. Salvation for 30 pieces of silver. We have a new high for the soul, as high indeed as all its glassy-eyed performers.

Superstar is truly anti-Jewish, but worse, it is anti-Christ. Your criticism is terribly kind to a contrivance that exploits for profit the very heart and soul of our Christian belief with this very shallow interpretation, covered over with neon, tinsel and noise.

ROBERT J. FELLERER
Minneapolis

Sir: I don't find fault with *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I applaud it. It is good entertainment and not immoral. We should not judge it as history but as any other play. We should encourage such plays and not rap them. It has a good message:

MOVING?

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City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

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Chicago, Ill. 60611

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HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TIME, please send both labels. If moving, list new address above. Note: your subscription will end with the issue given at upper left of label. Example: a JE 74 means subscription will end with the last issue of June, 1974.

The attaché case's attaché case



Presenting our new Classic 100 case. Three-quarters of an inch higher, so two stacks of standard manila folders will fit perfectly side by side. (Lets you carry twice as many.)



We've replaced the standard key lock with a 3-wheel combination lock. So there's no key to lose, and you can close and lock the case unobtrusively at even the most crucial meeting.



We've added a new comfortable form-fitting handle. And dressed up our new cases in two varieties—cordovan or black in textured grain (black shown) or grey in pebble grain.

Look for our Classic 100 case in three- and five-inch widths. Model shown, \$37.50. Other Samsonite attachés start at \$21. They're at your luggage dealer.

That's where we rest our cases.

We make travel a little easier.

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Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217

Palm Springs!
It's a nice place to visit, but
you wouldn't want to leave there.



Tanned. Unwound. Healthy. It won't take you long to become a Palm Springs Person. Whether you choose a big hotel or a small hotel, you'll be living the good life without pulling purse strings. ☐ We have golf courses. A network of tennis courts. Swimming pools all over the place. We have high fashion shops. Great restaurants and after dark entertainment. A warm, dry sun that makes you feel on top of the world. And an Aerial Tramway that actually takes you there. ☐ Flying to Palm Springs is easy. Let us know when you're coming and we'll send our sun to meet you. ☐ For more information, see your travel agent or write to the Convention and Visitors Bureau, Dept. SUN 121, Airport Terminal, Palm Springs, Calif. 92262.

**Palm
Springs**
CALIFORNIA

Christ lives on in our lives, but he continues to die every time there is cruelty and injustice.

MRS. JOHN G. QUINN
Levittown, N.Y.

Sir: As I read your review of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, my only thought was "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

EDITH CHANEY
Fayetteville, Ark.

Museum Trip

Sir: Robert Hughes' essay on Picasso [Nov. 1] gave me a better approach to Picasso's art than any museum trip I have ever made or art books I have ever read.

PAUL HIRSCH
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir: Now that he is 90, let's stop overrating Picasso. I have found most Picasso exhibitions dreary and uninteresting. I have stood for half an hour in front of *Guernica* and it was still only cheap bombast.

My advice to all the millionaires who have invested so heavily in his pictures is to sell, and sell quickly, before more people join me in saying "The king is naked."

NATHAN SCHUR
Zahala, Israel

Sir: Picasso! Father of disposable art.

EDGAR S. BAUM
Allentown, Pa.

Vivid Writing at \$60,000

Sir: As a young American journalist working in London, I disagree with your contention [Nov. 1] that "young Englishmen seem to surpass" their American counterparts in the ability to write vividly. No reflection on the *Sunday Times* staffers, but I suspect there would be more young Americans writing just as vividly if there were more American organizations as willing to spend nine months and \$60,000 on one series.

GORDON F. JOSELOFF
London

What Lies Behind the Wall?

Sir: Master Gamester Willy Brandt gives away to the Soviets what is behind the Iron Curtain, then walks off with a Nobel Peace Prize for himself [Nov. 1]. The big losers are the millions of people in East Germany who had hoped to some day determine their destiny for themselves.

What will Willy win when he wagers what lies behind the Wall?

RICHARD GORMAN
Rockville, Md.

Latent Snobism

Sir: The tone of "Politics at the Philharmonic" [Nov. 1] was very disappointing to this member of the U.C.L.A. audience.

The politicking was spirited and added to, not detracted from Conductor Samuel's "to, for, and by the people" approach to music. The latent snobism reflected in your article is precisely what turns off so many potential supporters of fine music.

JERRY D. GREEN
West Los Angeles

Once in 1,000 Years

Sir: Your elaborate criticism of Iran's Show of Shows [Oct. 25] was cleverly written, but was it not somewhat de-

natural gifts

the gifts that
tell the
world how unique
he is.

handcrafted of actual
walnut or

Brazilian rosewood.
matching pen

and pencil, \$25.

also in desk sets.

sterling silver
and gold filled models.

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(beautiful)

Love is sweeping the country.

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in style again. And romantic ballads fill the air.
TIME readers know all about it. No magazine spots
a trend faster or brings it to you with more style.
TIME is as hard to put down as a best-seller.

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basing? It accentuated the negative. Could there have been any better time or better way to make real to the people of that nation and to the world the many

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(NAME must be in block letters by return post and in the envelope)

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a week.

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or
ette...
litachi
argument.

STUDIO DE CASSETTES.

I.R. LANE
North Vancouver

Sir: Exxon U.S. doesn't mean anything? The Standard Oil execs might have turned from their computers long enough to ask that of any crossword-puzzle, anaagram or Scrabble buff, or one of the millions of word-minded people who might visualize, as I did, a map of our country besmirched by a big X. "Ex on U.S." is the sort of comment likely to find worldwide agreement, if not one you would wish even on a competitor.

JAMES McMURTRY
Newbury Park, Calif.

Sir: Perhaps the savings Fiso has achieved through layoffs are now being used in its \$100 million campaign to change the name to Exxon. What a waste!

RONALD COIFMAN
Guayaquil, Ecuador

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KSP-2810



KST-3410

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In workmen's compensation insurance we go back to the beginning.

Not a bad place to start.

The Wausau Story.

Sixty years ago, America's first constitutional workmen's compensation law went into effect. And we went into business. Many of our early policyholders were loggers and sawmill operators.

Being first in the business put a lot of responsibility on our then small firm. Businessmen had to learn to live with the new workmen's compensation law. Our job was not only to help them live with it, but to help them thrive under it.

We learned a lot about this phase of

business insurance the hard way—by pioneering in it. And because of that, what we learned stuck in our minds. To make sure the most useful facts would always be readily available to us, we committed them to the memory of a sophisticated computer system.

We now have this information organized into six cross-reference categories—to be shared with our policyholders in ways that can help them save money and human suffering through the prevention of accidents.

While you may know us best for work-

men's "comp," we have equal capabilities in practically every other form of business insurance. As an example, our youthful life insurance company recently passed the one billion dollar mark of insurance in force in business life plans!

Because we grew up in Wausau—and chose to stay there—the small-town characteristic of "earning our keep" comes naturally to us in whatever insurance problem we're involved with.

It's an elusive difference, perhaps, but we think it's an important one.



come to
the **Source**

Employers Insurance of Wausau

Wausau, Wisconsin

Authentic.



The Aroma Ritual

Our Master Blender has a very ancient ritual he applies to each one of the great whiskies blended into Dewar's "White Label" Scotch.

Each single whisky chosen is swirled around in a glass shaped like a brandy snifter. It is then nosed to gauge its aroma.

He then places his palm on top of the glass and turns the glass upside down. He waits a moment, then reverses it and sniffs again. The finest whisky will have doubled the strength of its scent.

Finally he rubs the one wet palm against his other hand and holds both to his face. And with one long, steady, deep breath, compares the full-flavor bouquet of this whisky to the thousands he has tested before.

This unique combination of skill, instinct, experience, and this authentic ritual is one of the many reasons why Dewar's "White Label" is considered to be the authentic Scotch of today.



Part of the great pleasure one gets from sipping Dewar's "White Label" Scotch is the reassuring knowledge that you have chosen something authentic.

Dewar's never varies.



Some frank talk about our Just-A-Minute oven.



Frankly, it's the fastest method of cooking there is. No other method comes close. See for yourself:

Average Cooking Times

Frank-on-a-bun	60 seconds
Cheese sandwich	45 seconds
Hamburger	2 minutes
Hors d'oeuvres	1 minute
Baked potato	8 minutes
Tuna casserole	16 minutes
Lasagna	17 minutes
5-lb. rib roast	50 minutes



How does it do it?
What makes our General Electric Just-A-Minute oven work?

Microwaves!

Just plug it in and turn it on. The food gets hot. The oven stays cool.

If you want, you can even cook on paper plates.

What's more, with the special timer, control settings, and recipe booklet that come with the oven, practically all the guesswork is taken out of cooking.

So when you want a rare rib roast, you get it. Not something that looks like a well done pot roast.

One more thing you should know. Our Just-A-Minute oven not only cooks fast, it defrosts fast too.

For example, it can thaw out and cook an 8-lb. frozen turkey in about 2 hrs. and 40 min. (If that's not flying, nothing is.)

For more information on our Just-A-Minute oven, have a frank talk with your GE range dealer. Also, hear what he has to say about our Versatronic® ranges.

Frankly, they make cooking as simple and fast as can be.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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New Honeywell Strobolar 100 costs less than \$25

Honeywell Strobolar 100
shown actual size

Think of it! No more running out of flashbulbs. No hunting for a place to dump hot bulbs. You'll never again have to put up with the inconvenience and expense of flashbulbs when you team your camera with the new Honeywell Strobolar 100.

Electronic flash opens a whole new world of photography.

This great new electronic flash actually increases the capabilities of your camera because of its fast flash output of 1/3000th second. With this kind of speed, the Strobolar freezes all camera movement, giving you crisper, sharper pictures.

It synchronizes automatically with your camera, either through its direct "hot shoe" connection or a detachable cord, and fits easily in your shirt pocket!

For more information about the Strobolar 100, see an authorized Honeywell photo dealer. He can show you Strobolar flash units for every camera, along with our famous Auto/Strobolans that give you perfect exposures automatically. An authorized Honeywell dealer has Strobolar products in every price range, for both amateurs and professionals. If the dealer you visit does not have the Honeywell product you want, shop elsewhere. Mail the coupon and we'll send you free literature.



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PRESS SECRETARY ZIEGLER (FIFTH FROM LEFT)



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FULBRIGHT & McMANUS

INDEX

Cover Story 74

Art	90	Medicine	94
Behavior	72	Milestones	87
Books	111	Music	74
Business	99	Nation	18
Cinema	107	People	56
Economy	28	Press	62
Environment	84	Science	61
Law	69	Theater	93
Letters	4	World	35

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Contradictory Pieties

When the Supreme Court outlawed school prayers nearly ten years ago, it set loose an entire American cosmology of angels and devils and libertarians and ministers and pedants. Had the perversion of law really come to such a pass of depravity that children would be forbidden to pray? What of the separation of church and state? Religious and constitutional pieties contradicted one another. The emotional and the rational battled in politicians' minds.

The ironies were multiplied last week when the House of Representatives met to vote on a constitutional amendment that would have allowed "voluntary prayer" in the nation's public schools. The national currency declares, "In God We Trust," and each day in the House and Senate commences with prayer. To vote against the idea was, emotionally at least, heretical. But as Utah Representative K. Gunn McKay, a Mormon elder, said, "I do not want Government tampering with my faith." Ohio's Samuel L. Devine replied: "The courts say you can read dirty books but can't pray in school."

Finally and somewhat unexpectedly, the House voted to kill the amendment, largely because of the skilled opposition of New York's ancient Emanuel Celler, 83, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. A majority of 240 to 162 favored it but that was 28 votes short of the required two-thirds. Remarkably, a considerable lobby of churchmen opposed the idea. They argued that children—and their parents—can pray at home and, more substantively, that the churches in America have flourished under the First Amendment, which would have been weakened by the proposed change.

Grooving on Jesus

For the moment at least it seems premature to worry about the godlessness of the young. If anything, there is an excess of religiosity. Consider the replies received when last year Stanford University asked its applicants to write an essay on what subjects they would like to write a book about and why.

Fred Hargadon, dean of admissions, had anticipated Viet Nam, the ecology, the population explosion, high school reform. But he was intrigued at the number of essays—more than 200—that came in on evangelical Christianity, essays that were based on deeply felt personal experience. Apparently the young are continuing to groove on Jesus.

The Golden Egg

Each of the 16 chief executives who assembled in Atlanta last week for the Southern Governors' Conference received, courtesy of various Georgia industries:

A set of bed linens and blankets, a box of chicken, ham with pecans and peanuts, a polished-granite desk name plate, a baseball signed by Hank Aaron, a decorative wall carpet, a wrist-watch, three bottles of liquor, a marble-headed golf putter, tennis rackets, fishing gear or hunting outfits, a box of King Edward Imperial cigars, and a real goose egg decorated with gold-leaf filigree and imitation pearls. The Governors' wives received pendants dangling a nugget of Georgia gold.

The total value of the gifts was probably no more than \$250, a mere trifle on the grand scale of serious payola. Still, there was something a little tasteless about the Governors of the nation's poorest region consenting to accept such material favors. Perhaps it could have been worse. "One year, in another state," said an aide to Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, "all the wives were given mink coats. That may have been a bit much."



SOME OF THE GOVERNORS' GIFTS
A little tasteless.



REPUBLICAN DINNER IN ATLANTA

Politics:

TO kick off what will be the most lavishly financed presidential campaign in American history, the Republicans staged a warmup set of spectacles last week. The star of the shows of course was Richard Nixon. In the space of seven hours, he spoke at \$500-a-plate dinners in both New York City and Chicago. Closed-circuit TV carried the festivities to 18 other cities, where such Republican luminaries as John Wayne, Jackie Gleason, Art Linkletter and Martha Mitchell played deferential host. It was the President's evening: even Martha spoke for only two minutes.

In dramatic contrast to his stridently partisan approach in the 1970 campaign, the President was the very model of cool statesmanship. First, Bob Hope primed the well-heeled audiences: "I didn't make any phone calls [when I stayed at the White House]; it was just a thrill to hear J. Edgar Hoover breathing." Then the President sounded the theme that is going to be emphasized throughout the campaign: "Peace in Our Generation." But peace with honor. America, Nixon warned, must stay strong. He made a pitch for his domestic programs: revenue sharing, welfare reform, Government reorganization. "They are historic. They are revolutionary." He returned to a subject that is obviously worrying him: his feeling that America may go downhill, like past civilizations, because of a failure of nerve and will. "They turned away from greatness. They grew soft. They did not welcome the opportunity to continue to lead." The partisan duties of the evening were handled, as usual, to Vice President Agnew, who told a story about how the Democratic presidential hopefuls went to Miami, where they got lost and wound



FRANK SINATRA, MRS. RONALD REAGAN & MITCHELL IN LOS ANGELES

The G.O.P. Gears for '72

up in Disney World. "They really put a new look on Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," said Agnew. "Now they are known as Crumpy, Sneezy, Dopey, Hubie, Lindsay, Muskie and Teddy."

No Shortage. Though the President has not yet announced that he is running for re-election, and will probably not do so until shortly before the January filing deadline for the New Hampshire primary, campaign planning is well under way. Attorney General John Mitchell is already supervising campaign activity for the Republican National Committee, as well as directing the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, a Washington-based outfit that has a staff of 30 and is scheduled to be doubled next year.

There should be no shortage of funds. Last week's spectacular added to party coffers some \$5,000,000, which will be divided equally between the National Committee and the state committees. Another \$30 million has already been banked, and a budget of \$10 million has been allocated for advertising. To avoid the Madison Avenue image that dogged the last presidential campaign, the White House has hired the services of a relatively obscure Los Angeles adman, Peter Dailey, whose accounts include King Oscar sardines and Fiji Islands tourism. His job will be to mount a campaign slick enough not to seem slick. Since the White House has made such a fuss about slanted news on television, it is not in a position to oversell its own product. A leaflet recently distributed by the National Committee, however, is not reassuring. Entitled "G.O.P. Peace," it contains a graph showing the progressive Viet Nam troop withdrawals by the President and a table

linking all the major wars of this century with Democratic Presidents. Periods of peace are equated with Republican Chief Executives. Traditionally, the Republicans blame all the wars on the Democrats, while the Democrats blame all the recessions on the Republicans.

Despite his statesmanlike approach, the President has no intention of abandoning his Southern strategy. Some of his staffers, including White House Aide Donald Rumsfeld, have argued that the President should concentrate on the big Northeastern cities. But John Mitchell, Harry Dent and others maintain that what worked before should be tried again.

Mobster Quotas. Besides, they are convinced that George Wallace's support has slipped appreciably in the South. Nixon took the school-busing issue away from Wallace, and he has not been able to grab it back. The President, they believe, stands a good chance of picking up almost the entire Deep South as well as the Border states. They also put the Western states in his column. If he wins the farm belt as well—a big if (see page 20)—plus California, Ohio and Illinois, he will clinch the election. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and even New Jersey can then be conceded to the Democrats. Says a staffer: "Some people around here are kidding themselves about carrying New York on the basis that Jim Buckley won and Rocky's our friend now. The basic strategy has got to be to take the states you took last time."

The White House is in no danger of ignoring the issues that appeal to its constituency, even if the President sticks to a relatively nonpartisan route. As illustration, word was passed to schedule the arrests of mobsters to inflate the anticrime record in 1972. Quotas, in fact,



NIXON IN NEW YORK CITY

have been established, though neither the Justice Department nor the FBI will take credit for them. In the first two months of next year, 1,000 hoodlums are to be arrested. For example, New York City has a quota of 200; Philadelphia has 60; Columbia, S.C., rates only five. In the meantime, arrests are being delayed so that future quotas can be filled. Granted an unexpected breather, some crime bosses have even offered to cooperate. One mobster told an FBI man last week: "How many gamblers do you need for your quota? If you're short, I'll give you some names." The agent said thanks anyway, but he had his own list.

The White House is openly disdainful of the opposition. It pretends scarcely to notice the candidacy of rebel Republican Pete McCloskey in the New Hampshire primary. He is airily dismissed as a "media creation." The Democratic possibilities are not regarded much more highly. "I almost feel sorry for them," chortles Harry Dent. "But it's a wonderful sorrow. Muskies is fading. Humphrey is like driving a used car. Kennedy excites too much emotion one way or another in people. The public is looking for somebody in the middle, and Nixon has that middle pre-empted." The G.O.P. is obviously going to spare no pains—or expense—to see that the middle stays put.

Growing Unrest on the Farm

THERE is a recession in the Midwest farm belt, a region Republicans have often taken for granted as "Nixon country." Among farmers, the recession is sowing seeds of unrest that Democrats hope to harvest next year in the form of votes. Thus it was far from coincidental that President Nixon last week made three announcements to demonstrate his concern about agriculture's current agonies: he 1) accepted the resignation of his pleasant but unaggressive Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin; 2) replaced him with a combative former Eisenhower agriculture aide, Earl Butz; and 3) dropped his unpopular plan to abolish the Department of Agriculture as part of a broad Cabinet reorganization.

To be sure, the President downplayed the politics of his moves. Nixon explained that Hardin, a pipe-smoking former chancellor of the University of Nebraska, had wanted out as early as three months ago to accept "an exceptionally attractive offer" as vice chairman of Ralston Purina Co., a large cereals and feed processor in St. Louis. Yet it was also true that Hardin had, perhaps innocently, become a political liability. Many farmers considered him an ineffective spokesman for their interests; others did not even recognize his name—with the result that Nixon became the object of their discontent. Conceded one of Nixon's political aides: "We've all been saying for a long time that whether it was Hardin's fault or not, he had to go. Instead of commiserating with farmers, he

tried to use statistics to show them how well off they were."

Nixon said he intended to retain the Agriculture Department but pare some of its "peripheral" functions so it could "concentrate exclusively" on serving farmers. Actually, his earlier plan to drop the department was going nowhere in Congress, and had become an enticing target for Democrats from agricultural areas. The department has become so unwieldy and inefficient that Nixon's plan to absorb its functions in a broader Cabinet division had administrative merit, but farmers feared, with some reason, that it would further dilute their influence.

Rural Lightning Rod. While no Secretary of Agriculture can hope to be popular, Butz, 62, is an outspoken, Indiana-farm-born veteran of agriculture politics who can serve as Nixon's lightning rod for rural complaints, much as Ezra Taft Benson did for President Eisenhower, and Orville Freeman for both Kennedy and Johnson. A former head of Purdue's School of Agriculture and currently dean of continuing education at Purdue, Butz was an assistant secretary to Benson from 1954 to 1957. Since Benson was highly unpopular among farmers, that makes Butz an odd choice for the job, and Democrats quickly seized the opening. Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien attacked Butz as "one of the chief architects of the Benson policies that forced hundreds of thousands of farmers off the land." Yet Butz served notice that he intends to fight for farm interests. Shortly after Nixon introduced him to newsmen, he turned to Hardin and said pointedly: "The price of corn is too low for comfort, Mr. Secretary—it's below the cost level."

The low price of corn is indeed the most immediate object of agitation in the grain, hog and cattle lands of the Midwest. Iowa farmers have been getting only about 95¢ for a bushel that experts say they must spend \$1.08 to produce. A year ago, when blight severely limited the harvest, corn was selling for more than \$1.50 per bu. Anticipating more blight this year, the Agriculture Department encouraged greater production by reducing the acreage that would qualify for payments if diverted from corn. But the blight did not become serious. "I got on my tractor, and the weather was so perfect for planting corn, that I just kept on plowing and plowing—planting more than I had intended," concedes LaVerne Wood, who farms 1,400 acres in Iowa's Cedar County. The ideal weather continued through much of the season. The result was a record corn harvest, about 5.5 billion bushels—35% more than last year.

As the record crop pushed prices down, the West and Gulf Coast dock strikes prevented corn and other grains



BUTZ

A revolt—but how big?

from reaching foreign markets. Such big buyers as Japan turned to other sources of supply, including Thailand, Australia and Argentina. Chicago grain dealers estimate the loss to U.S. farmers at \$500 million, with no certainty that all those markets will return next year. Since one-fourth of all crop production in the U.S. is exported, any permanent diversion would be damaging. Moreover, the inability to ship the corn overseas taxed the always tight storage facilities, as well as clogging railroad cars and river barges. Farmers have been forced to pile up their corn in fields and towns. In Illinois alone, 4,000,000 bu. of harvested corn are on the ground—and about 10% of the fields in the Midwest are still to be harvested.

Worst Year. Other crops have also soared in quantity, driving farm income down. The wheat harvest is up 250 million bushels over last year, grain sorghum 195 million bushels, and barley 60 million. The grain avalanche had long been predicted (TIME, Sept. 27), but its adverse impact on farmers has been worse than expected. While the farmer gets less per bushel, his costs have continued to rise. Parity, which is the relationship between the prices farmers get and the prices they have to pay for nonfarm goods, has fallen to 69%. When Nixon campaigned for the presidency, he assailed the existing 74% as "intolerable" and "dismal." A two-row corn picker that cost \$3,600 five years ago now costs at least \$5,000. In Illinois' Whiteside County, Frank McCue, who owns a highly mechanized 1,500-acre feed-grain spread, complains: "This is absolutely the worst year we've had since we settled here in 1943. My costs are way up and so are my debts. If corn stays at this price for another year, I'll probably be forced to sell out." A rural Iowa banker predicts that if conditions do not change, 25% of farmers dealing with his bank may be

CORN & SILOS ON MCCUE FARM IN ILLINOIS



unable to meet their loan obligations next year and may give up farming.

Politically, it will be difficult for the Administration to alleviate the rural woes by Election Day and things could easily get worse. Some experts estimate that up to 1.5 billion bushels of this year's unsold corn will carry over into next year's market, working against a price rise. Many farmers will feed their corn to hogs and cattle, which could yield a sharp rise in pork and beef production and depress the livestock prices at about election time. This happened in 1970, partially accounting for the Republican farm unrest that cost the G.O.P. five governorships in the Midwest.

Distress Selling. "There will be a farm revolt," predicts North Dakota Republican Senator Milton Young, who questions only just how big the uprising will be. The fear is so great that 22 Republican Congressmen from the corn belt wrote Nixon this month to urge "prompt and decisive action. The Midwest farm economy simply cannot endure continued distress selling by our feed-grain producers." Some Democrats even see the possibility of the kind of farm upset that gave President Truman his victory over Thomas E. Dewey in 1948.

Despite all of the complaints by farmers that they are being ignored, the Nixon Administration has not been oblivious to farm problems or to the political dangers they contain. Nixon's announcement this month that he had arranged for the sale of \$135 million in feed grains to Russia has led farmers to hope that more such sales, including possibly to China, may be in the works. The Agriculture Department has announced its 1972 feed-grain "set-aside" program four months earlier than usual. In an attempt to drive prices up, it will more than double (from 18 million to 38 million) the acreage to be taken out of production, at a cost to the Government of an additional \$700 million in diversion payments. The Administration also earned the appreciation of dairy farmers when it reversed an earlier decision last spring and raised the support level for manufactured milk from an announced rate of \$4.66 per 100 lbs. to \$4.93.

Nixon's moves last week were a clear demonstration of his rising concern: his aides hint that other action will be taken to get farmers to vote their traditional Republican sentiments next year. Republicans are well aware that while farmers constitute only 4.7% of the national population, they are grouped so that farm-related industries employ 40% of the labor force in such a key state as Illinois, a predominant 80% in Iowa, and one-third or more in Wisconsin, Kansas, Indiana, Missouri and Minnesota. "You can't forget 1970," concedes an official of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. "But the President has a bomb in the air almost every day—I can't believe he's going to let that happen again."

Frustrations of a Rural Republican

Few politicians are in a better position to reflect the intensity of anger and restiveness among the nation's farmers than Iowa Republican Congressman William J. Scherle, 48. A husky (6 ft. 3 in., 249 lbs.) feed-grain and livestock farmer from a diversified agricultural area near the Missouri River, the three-term Congressman has vainly tried to warn the Nixon Administration about its political vulnerability in the Midwest. He expressed his frustration last week to TIME Correspondent Jess Cook:

FARMERS are going to be very vindictive in 1972, but we can't seem to reach these Administration people about the seriousness of the situation. I would think the '70 election would have been a lesson. Nixon can make all the trips to China and Moscow he wants to, but the greatest impact on the voter is mood. If a farmer goes to the polls with a jingle in his pocket and the weather is right and he can pay for his new equipment, he'll vote for the incumbent. If not, he'll go to vote with vengeance in his heart, and the people in power will be out by 8 o'clock that night.

There isn't one single guy today at the White House who has an agriculture background. Take the presidential aide handling agriculture and the environment, John Whitaker. You know what he is? A geologist! What the hell does a geologist know about agriculture? Secretary Hardin is an economist. You can take all the economists in the world and lay them end to end, and they'll never come to a conclusion. My initial reaction to Dr. Butz? Oh hell, another professor! I was hoping for someone from the soil. But I'm reserving judgment until I find out what his policies and programs are going to be.

One of the White House aides came up to me a couple days ago and said he had helped us out on corn prices. I thought maybe he had set aside another million acres. Then he told me he had eaten a couple of ears for dinner the night before. He didn't even realize that's a different kind of corn.

It's difficult for me to comprehend the lack of astuteness on the part of our party. This is one issue the Democrats have completely captured. You've got guys like Humphrey and McGovern who are making inroads, who know the farm problem. The White House talks about rural development. But who's running with it? Hubert Humphrey. He recognizes the fact that there are no job opportunities for our young people in rural America today. I sent telegrams to the White House urging that agrobusiness be represented on either the wage or price council. I didn't even get the consideration of a reply.

And there isn't one farm figure on those boards.

We are now piling corn on the streets in Iowa for the first time. The dock strike is partly the reason, but the fantastic surplus is another. Back in February any ordinary working farmer could see what was going to happen. There was no excuse for the Agriculture Department to encourage more planting. Farmers are still harvesting now, but in a couple months they're going to start settling up—paying for their gas and fertilizer and taxes. Then they're going to find out that the crop the Agriculture Department caused and the farmers produced isn't going to have any value to it.

All those hogs are going to go to mar-

WALTER KENNEDY



SCHERLE IN HIS WASHINGTON OFFICE

ket next October, a month before the election. Small calves will go late next summer and in early fall. Everything points right now to low prices again for livestock around election time. No matter what is done from now on, this 1971 experience is what's going to carry through next fall. Many of my people will have no place to go except further into debt. When that farmer settles up, he's going to be damn mad. Unfortunately, there's only one person on the ballot to be mad at: the President.

Scherle is correct, although it should be noted that raw agricultural products are exempt from the controls and the Secretary of Agriculture is a member of the parent Commodity Council.

DEMOCRATS

Scoop Goes Public

He agrees in substance with Richard Nixon on national security, and his rhetoric is laced heavily with law-and-order. Yet he stands foursquare with Hubert Humphrey on civil rights. He is for the AIM and the SST, and is considered by some the candidate of the military-industrial community. Yet the vain suit to stop the Amchitka blast was filed under his Environmental Policy Act. Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, the junior Senator from the state of Washington, is, in sum, a bundle of divergent views, who at the same time conveys a solid image, a thoughtful integrity. This week he will become the second surviving declared candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Only those who do not know Scoop Jackson would equate his many facets with opportunism. For nearly all his views represent long-held, frequently asserted convictions. No matter to him that they clash in the ordinary classification of politicians. Says he: "I'm a liberal, but I try not to be a damn fool." Jackson's problem is, however, that there are a great many people who do not know him, and in a crowded field of declared and undeclared Democratic candidates that could be fatal.

Presidential Poaching. Despite 31 years in national office and a stint as Democratic National Chairman under John F. Kennedy, the latest Harris poll pegs Jackson's recognition factor at only 41%. Thus his decision to follow his formal declaration with a \$60,000 half-hour of prime-time national television to convey his message directly to the electorate. It is a steep price for a frugal man whose campaign is going to be pay as you go.

Politicians, on the other hand, know exactly where he stands, and another of the contradictions of Jackson's candidacy is that it disturbs a number of Democratic and Republican power brokers alike. He has a great deal of the right wing of the Democratic Party to himself, so much so that Democrats fear that his nomination would lead to a fourth-party revolt by the left, thus throwing the election to the Republicans. Warns Eugene McCarthy of a potential Jackson nomination: "I might have to leave the beach [Miami] and go across the causeway to the mainland." By the same token, his views on busing and Vietnamization, among others, are close enough to Nixon's that the G.O.P. worries that he would poach on the President's constituency. Jackson agrees: "For every vote we would lose on the left we would effectively pick up two

on the other side, because they would not only count for us but be taken away from Nixon."

Jackson must first corner his party's nomination, and the movement starts with the early primaries. He is committed to building an organization in New Hampshire. Early soundings convinced him his support there was enough "to make a significant showing," which is all he really need do.

Uphill Fight. Florida votes one week later, and the Jackson organization argues that a win is possible there. Aided by many of Governor Reubin Askew's key field workers, Jackson is strong and deeply grounded. He also has natural allies in the state's aerospace industry and a Jewish community grateful for his shrill arguments for more military aid to Israel. After Florida, the script becomes less precise. Most professionals give him very little chance of taking the nomination, and he is aware of that judgment. "It's hard to know



JACKSON

Searching for the building blocks.

how the building blocks are going to stack," he says. "I've got a long, hard, uphill fight."

To the struggle Jackson brings an engaging manner of easy, open affability, although he delivers his speeches woodenly. At age 59, he keeps fit by swimming daily in the Senate pool and avoiding late night conviviality. In other days he drank a Scotch or two a week, but not now. "I'm in training," he smiles. So, traveling first class on each campaign flight, he stows the two allotted shot bottles of liquor in his flight bag. Already this year he has logged 160,000 miles to visit 31 states, and the collection of unopened bottles is up to well over 100. "Norwegian frugality," he explains. "That's the way we'd run the country."

Harris Bows Out

The economics of presidential aspirations crashed over Fred Harris last week. "I'm broke," the Oklahoma Democrat told a crowded press conference. Then he threw in the towel. Finances, however, were only the most visible symptom of much deeper trouble. In the 46 days since he declared, the Harris candidacy never got off the ground.

His campaign slogan, "No more bull shit," revolted many an audience, and Harris never did make clear the meaning of the "new populism" he offered as an alternative. He vigorously argued for a redistribution of income, yet failed to outline in detail how it could be accomplished. He proposed such specifics as breaking up General Motors into five or six separate companies but offered scant evidence that such plans were feasible. On television, he was surprisingly docile, uncertain and easily intimidated. Harris' withdrawal will have little effect on the remaining Democratic hopefuls, other than to reduce the crowding in the field.

Lindsay Moves In

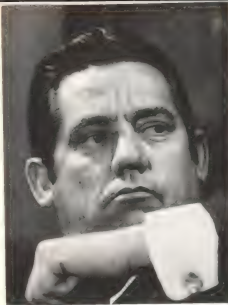
The cliché is the hat in the ring, but last week Democrat John Lindsay tossed in his political right hand. Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio, Aurelio, the mayor announced, will leave city hall next month to explore further the prospects of a Lindsay presidential nomination. He will set up an office with a small staff and travel continually. Lindsay's decision whether to run, expected early next year, will be based largely on Aurelio's soundings.

Though not a formal declaration the move, Lindsay admitted, was "clearly a step toward candidacy." It was also a sign that the mayor has discovered enough backing throughout the country to warrant a stepped-up effort. On Aurelio's agenda will be Florida and Indiana, two important early-primary states where Lindsay trial balloons were well received, and probably California, which the pros judge an excellent political climate for a Lindsay TV campaign. One advantage to Aurelio's reassignment is that Lindsay risks little. If response is poor, he can gracefully withdraw, rather than drop out with a thud à la Harris. The more likely probability is an all-out run for the nomination choreographed by Aurelio, who engineered Lindsay's third-party mayoralty victory in 1969. Once that kind of machinery is in motion, it will be difficult to turn off.

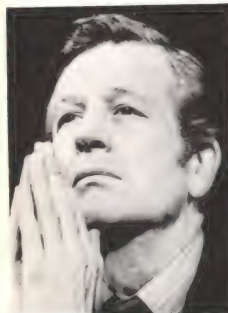
Speaking in Tongues

Comparative style note overheard last week at a Democratic unity dinner in San Francisco, after two of the party's front runners had mounted the lectern: "Humphrey uses a biblical vocabulary to talk politics while Muskie uses a political vocabulary to talk biblically."

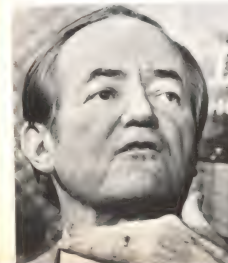
Viet Nam: One More Step



HARRIS



LINDSAY
HUMPHREY



PRESIDENT NIXON had planned to go on national television with his long-awaited address to the nation announcing the next stage of troop withdrawals from Viet Nam. Instead, without formal notice, he commandeered a regularly scheduled 4 p.m. White House press briefing late last week to present the next step. On the existing schedule, U.S. troop strength will be down to 184,000 by the end of this month; Nixon subtracted another 45,000. Of that total, 25,000 will come out next month in a bring the boys home for Christmas gesture. Another 20,000 will be withdrawn in January. The day of U.S. ground offensives is over, the President declared. "American troops are now in a defensive position."

The announcement carried a minor Nixonian surprise of the sort that perhaps explained why he avoided the fanfare and panoply of a prime-time presentation. While most speculation had it that the President would up the rate from the present monthly average of 14,300, which he did, he was also expected to project withdrawals well into the spring or early summer. To be sure, if Nixon extends the new, higher withdrawal rate past the end of January, U.S. force levels will be down to less than 50,000 by June. But he stopped short of announcing that, and it was a shrewd move. There remains only one more season for possible enemy attack between now and the 1972 elections, so that by not committing himself to a large, long-range figure now, he gives himself greater flexibility in meeting that military threat if it should arise. Also, as he sees it, he retains a better diplomatic bargaining position. Nixon may be bluffing, but he is trying to persuade Hanoi that he will not proceed further with U.S. troop withdrawals if the North Vietnamese show clear signs of preparing a major offensive.

Three Factors. The winter season is always the time of heaviest infiltration from the North. If a big attack is to come by Tet in February, or even later, it must be preceded by an enemy buildup over the next two months. The President noted that the infiltration rate is lower than usual at the moment. He added: "We want to see, however, what the situation is in December and January, because that will determine what the activity will be in April, May, June and July on the battlefield."

Nixon promised a further announcement before Feb. 1. That would be based, he said, on three factors that have been his touchstones all along: the infiltration rate, the progress of Vietnamization and the course of negotiations in Paris. "We have not given up on the negotiating front," he insisted.

Whatever Nixon does, Nixon is not likely to interrupt the withdrawals more than temporarily. For one thing, the cooled American temper on the war

would probably flare up again should the pullout stop—and it would surely rise sharply if Nixon were to send new U.S. forces into battle. For another, the Administration may well be correct in thinking that as the U.S. presence dwindles, public opinion round the world will bear down progressively on Hanoi to repatriate the American P.O.W.s. Certainly the Administration intends to build up all the pressure it can.

Tart Replies. Withdrawing ground troops is the carrot; air attacks are the stick. "Air power, of course, will continue to be used," the President said. "We will continue to use it in support of the South Vietnamese until there is a negotiated settlement or, looking farther down the road, until the South Vietnamese have developed the capability to handle the situation themselves." As U.S. ground forces are cut back, he added, air strikes against enemy infiltration routes are essential to protect both South Vietnamese forces and the remaining Americans. Should infiltration increase, he warned, "we will have to not only continue our air strikes; we will have to step them up."

The President had tart answers for tart questions about other facets of the war. Would he favor amnesty for any of the young men who have left the U.S. in order not to fight in a war they think immoral? No. Since he has asked for \$341 million in military aid to Cambodia, what assurance could he give that the U.S. is not sliding into another Viet Nam? "We didn't slide into Viet Nam." The Nixon Doctrine provides that the U.S. will aid its military allies but not send in U.S. troops; "Cambodia is the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form."

Kind of Coesura. The North Vietnamese, said Nixon, are weaker militarily now than at any time since the war began. That is probably true, for enemy troops in South Viet Nam are operating in units of no more than platoon strength. Military action is near a standstill. One bored briefer at U.S. military headquarters in Viet Nam complains that the daily press release has been reduced practically to a single sentence: "Yesterday, U.S. aircraft flew B-52 missions in the Republic of Viet Nam during the 24-hour period ending at noon today." The lull may mean that the war is effectively over, or it may be a kind of coesura in the apparently endless alternation of dry-season offensives and rainy-season resupply. In Saigon now, a vital concern is whether the South Vietnamese economy can be made less dependent on U.S. aid; early this week, President Nguyen Van Thieu is expected to announce economic reforms aimed at that goal.

Lyndon Johnson once said: "We are not about to send American boys to do what Asian boys ought to be doing to protect themselves." He did not take

his own advice, of course, Nixon in effect is saying that American boys can now stop doing what Asian boys should be doing. That should be enough to keep the war quiescent as a domestic issue, at least for now. But the President fell far short of satisfying all his critics. While the U.S. is withdrawing, the war goes on with U.S. help.

Sacrificing Vietnamese. Last week Cornell University's Center for International Studies released a report showing that the bomb tonnage dropped on Indochina during President Nixon's first three years in office was greater than the total for the last three years of the Johnson Administration. On the other hand, U.S. losses are down dramatically compared with the Johnson years; for the past five weeks U.S. combat deaths have been fewer than ten a week. The harsh calculation—that it is better to sacrifice Vietnamese lives than American ones—seems to satisfy the U.S. public, so that for the time being continuing the bombing costs the President little politically. Eventually, stronger emotional opposition to the air war may build. Senator Harold Hughes of Iowa, a Democratic dove, complained that the President's policies show "no indication of any termination to this war."

Nor did the President please those who have been demanding that he set a fixed date for a full U.S. evacuation from Viet Nam. He insisted that he means to maintain a residual force as a bargaining tool as long as there is no negotiated settlement of the war and as long as the North Vietnamese hold Americans prisoner. That is a rational position, but it may become difficult to maintain against the pressures of an election year in a nation that is deeply weary of the war.

HERBERT ON RANGER MANUAL



WAYNE WILSON—EDITOR ATLANTA



HERBERT & DAUGHTER AT HOME IN ATLANTA
The perfect fighting man?

THE MILITARY Colonel Herbert v. the Army

Lieut. Colonel Anthony B. Herbert wanted to be a soldier so badly that he ran away at age 14 to enlist. He was caught and sent home, but except for time out to finish high school and earn a college degree, he has been a soldier ever since. And no ordinary soldier. The most decorated enlisted man of the Korean War, he toured the U.S. and Allied capitals as the Army's symbol of the Perfect Fighting Man. A picture of Herbert—face smudged with camouflage greasepaint, rifle gripped menacingly—illustrated a manual for elite Ranger trainees. His way through the Army was the fighter's way—training in mountaineering, as a parachutist, a Green Beret. With the rows of ribbons, the close-cropped haircut, the polished gleam of his uniform's brass, he was a live pincener, the top rank of officers promoted more quickly than their colleagues.

Herbert was sent to Viet Nam in September 1968, first in a staff position, then as a battalion commander in the field. The following July he was back in the U.S., relieved of his combat command after just 58 days, his exemplary 19-year service record marred by an efficiency report so adverse that his career was ruined. He immediately began appealing the Army's action against him, and 18 months later made a serious public charge; the reason for his disgrace, he said, was that he had accused two superior officers of covering up war crimes. In a formal complaint filed with the Army in September 1970, Herbert accused Major General John W. Barnes and Colonel Joseph Ross Franklin, the commander and deputy commander of his Viet Nam unit, the

173rd Airborne Brigade, with failing to investigate or report incidents of murder, torture and mistreatment of prisoners. Colonel Herbert then became a quite different symbol to the Army. The battle that followed has resulted in one of the most bitter internal disputes in recent Army history.

No Restraint. During the year since Herbert filed the complaint, the Army has maintained an official silence on the whole case, a correct procedure while the charges against Barnes and Franklin were being investigated. Herbert was under no such restraint. He pressed his case against the Army's handling of the war-crimes allegations, appearing on network television and granting interviews to reporters. The Army retaliated in petty ways. A dispute developed over Army permission procedure for him to make a second appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*. The next morning Herbert was upbraided by a superior for saluting improperly. In the meantime, Herbert, who kept up appeals to reverse his unfavorable report, finally won exoneration from Secretary of the Army Robert F. Froehle last month, four months before he would have been forced into involuntary retirement. Although he was promoted after his record had been cleared and could have remained in the Army, Herbert claimed that the Army had attempted to muzzle and harass him. Citing stress on his wife and daughter, Herbert announced he would voluntarily retire in February after 20 years. At 41, he was on his way out, passing his final months in the Army in initial papers at Fort McPherson near Atlanta. His dead-end job was once shared by Captain Ernest L. Medina.

The Army broke its silence; the

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charges against Barnes and Franklin had finally been dismissed for insufficient evidence to warrant courts-martial. The dispute spilled into the open. A five-page summary of L'Affaire Herbert was released by Pentagon officials. The report notes that Herbert did not bring up his war-crime allegations until a year and a half after he had been relieved of his command, and only after his third review to reverse the bad efficiency rating had been turned down. Nowhere in the written record of hearings held in Viet Nam after losing his command nor in the appeals that followed, the Army said, did Herbert raise the issue of war crimes. Herbert's reply: he had been prevented from attending four of the five days of hearings; he had been unable to cross-examine witnesses about the alleged atrocities and had been prohibited from entering the charges in his testimony. After returning to the U.S., Herbert claimed he had been advised by Army lawyers to keep the war-crime allegations and his efficiency-rating appeal separate. Thus he had not included the charges in his requests for a review of his case. It was only after he became concerned that the statute of limitations would expire that he filed formal charges.

Clearly the Worst. With the investigation over, officers who had served with him made their first critical statements since the case began. Major General Barnes said that he had given Herbert a command position despite advice against the assignment. Said Barnes: "Fifty-eight days later, I had had Herbert up to here. I have commanded 20 battalion commanders in my time, and Herbert was clearly the worst. He also is the only one I ever relieved."

Former Captain Mike Plantz, Herbert's helicopter pilot in Viet Nam, told the *Arizona Republic* that Herbert had once beaten and kicked an unarmed Vietnamese woodcutter, then stood by while his men beat five or six other civilians. An Army chaplain reported a conversation with Herbert: "He made a very imprudent public statement that 'I'll lie about anything to get what I want.'" Three lieutenant colonels requested an appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show* to refute Herbert's allegations of unfair treatment, and were turned down. One of them, Lieut. Colonel Ken Acostui, former operations officer of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, questioned Herbert's truthfulness: "I got so that I couldn't believe anything Herbert reported from the field. I finally started following him around physically. I never heard anything about war crimes, and they would have filtered up to me."

Regardless of the outcome of the charges and countercharges last week, the battle between Herbert and the Army is certain to damage both. Officers have become pitted against each other in bitter debate over war crimes at a time when the Army is struggling to retain what public confidence is left in the shadow of My Lai.

THE SENATE

Hansel and Gretel

"It is unheard of for two nominees to go like Hansel and Gretel to the Supreme Court," Senator Birch Bayh was talking about Lewis F. Powell Jr. and William H. Rehnquist (TIME, Nov. 1), the two Supreme Court nominees who were being jointly considered by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Bayh, veteran of the Haynsworth and Carswell wars, and the other liberals sought to separate the nominations because Powell was clearly a shoo-in, while Rehnquist was considered somewhat vulnerable. Nixon loyalists on the committee parried the maneuver. After five days of hearings and 827 pages of testimony, they arranged under the rules to have Powell's nomination also put off for



REHNQUIST AT SENATE HEARING
Some views have changed.

one week. Then the deliberations will pick up where they left off.

There seems to be little doubt about the swift, sure confirmation of Powell, 64. A Richmond lawyer, he sailed smoothly through his relatively brief appearance before the committee. Mainly a judicial conservative, Powell has a distinguished legal record and once served as president of the American Bar Association. During his questioning he emphasized the work he had done for liberal causes, especially his efforts to keep Virginia schools open in opposition to the official state policy of "massive resistance" to integration during the 1950s. Consequently, the committee liberals—Bayh, Edward Kennedy, Philip Hart of Michigan and John Tunney of California—treated Powell generously.

Rational Balance. Rehnquist was another matter. Although a brilliant attorney, Rehnquist, 47, has often offended liberal sensibilities. As chief legal counsel for the Justice Department, he alienated many with his hard-line ap-

proach in such matters as the Washington Mayday demonstrations. He was questioned closely by the liberals about his efforts in his home town of Phoenix, Ariz., to keep Negroes legally barred from some public places. His cautious reply: "With respect to the public-accommodations ordinance, I think my views have changed." He was adamant on busing, stating that the practice "for the purpose of achieving a racial balance where you do not have a dual school system is not desirable."

The most virulent attacks on Rehnquist came from civil rights leaders. Clarence Mitchell, chief Washington lobbyist for the N.A.A.C.P., poured it on: "The Rehnquist nomination raises grim warnings. Through that nomination the foot of racism is placed in the door of the temple of justice. The Rehnquist record tells us that the hand of the oppressor will be given a chance to write opinions that will seek to turn back the clock of progress. We hope the nomination will be rejected because it is an insult to Americans who support civil rights."

Joseph Rauh of the Americans for Democratic Action characterized Rehnquist as a "lawyer without compassion for blacks and other minorities" and one who "believes in unchecked Executive power, whether it is security wiretapping or the surveillance of individuals." Rauh's testimony was so vitriolic that when he intimated that Rehnquist had failed to disavow any "connections" with societies similar to the John Birch Society, Rauh was sharply rebuked by Senator Kennedy. (The false report of the nominee's Birch membership came from the Associated Press, and had already been scotched when Mississippi Senator James Eastland, chairman of the committee, presented an affidavit from Rehnquist disclaiming any such membership.)

Without Cause. Conservative members seized on the tone of the testimony to gain sympathy for Rehnquist. Eastland described the lawyer as someone who was being "persecuted without cause by those who are opposed to him."

Liberals members were particularly frustrated in their attempts to pin Rehnquist down on his legal and social philosophy. Like Powell, Rehnquist refused to answer many such questions either on the grounds of lawyer-client privilege or the possibility that any such answer might compromise later opinions as a Supreme Court justice. As Bayh mournfully conceded: "I don't believe that you can keep a guy off the Supreme Court on the basis of hearsay." Indeed, though liberals will probably stage a Senate floor battle, it is likely that President Nixon's nominee will be confirmed.

THE ECONOMY

From Freeze to Controlled Thaw

AFTER a last-minute flood of economic directives ironically reminiscent of the New Deal, the nation finally enters Phase II of President Nixon's economic program this week. The new rules, which could govern American wages and prices at least until next Election Day, poured out of the President's Pay Board and Price Commission almost until the hour of Phase II's arrival at 12:01 a.m. on Sunday. Even so, having endured a sudden and all but total three-month freeze, the economy has moved into a new climate of controlled thaw.

Phase II's outlines did not lack for critics or doubters. Labor leaders were

convinced, Richard Nixon clearly succeeded in making Phase II much more of a team project than the freeze had been.

Unions, to be sure, are reluctant members of the team. Their five representatives on the Pay Board were outvoted on the wage package by the ten business and public members. Still, the board's final decision was a much more equitable compromise than A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany would admit. It set the overall wage guideline at 5.5% annually (see following story), halfway between the original proposals of labor and management. Further, the board decided to permit nearly all wage increases already written into contracts,

The job of the Price Commission, headed by former S.M.U. Business School Dean C. Jackson Grayson Jr., was complicated by the Pay Board's long struggle to formulate wage guidelines. The commission, composed of seven public members, could hardly lay down price rules until it knew what wage increases would be permitted in Phase II. At almost the last moment, the commission decided to let prices rise only enough to reflect actual increases in costs, minus any rises in workers' productivity—and then only if the price hikes do not fatten company profit margins. Some economists think that this tough-sounding rule will prove to be an administrative nightmare. Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, fears that many firms that maintain only hazy running measures of their productivity and profit margins will have little idea when they decide on price boosts whether they are acting legally or illegally.

Three Tiers. The Government will monitor both wages and prices by dividing the economy, like Caesar's Gaul, into three parts. Firms with annual sales of at least \$100 million, which include all of *Fortune's* list of the 500 largest U.S. corporations plus 800 others, and employee groups of at least 5,000 members will be required to notify the appropriate Government board 30 days in advance of raising wages or prices and obtain approval. The second tier of economic units, firms whose sales are between \$50 million and \$100 million annually and employee groups numbering 1,000 to 5,000, must report increases but do not need to wait for permission to put them into effect. The remaining thousands of employers and millions of workers, while bound to the same criteria as everyone else, will be subject only to spot checks by the Internal Revenue Service.

The monitoring system clearly is aimed primarily at massive corporations and huge labor unions. That is partly due to the President's abhorrence of creating an OPA-style bureaucracy large enough to keep check on everyone. But it also reflects the belief of many economists that it was big business and big labor—which have somehow grown powerful enough to resist normal market forces even in a recession—that created the need for controls. By reining in tightly on a relatively few large units, these economists predict, the Government should be able to restrain the rest of the economy as well. There is some doubt, though, that the 3,000 IRS agents detailed to investigate violations of Phase



PRICE COMMISSION CHIEF GRAYSON
No lack of doubters.

angered by a Pay Board ruling that will prevent 1,600,000 of their members from collecting retroactively most raises that would have come due during the freeze. On prices, businessmen expressed some displeasure over the big surprise in the rules: a guideline* on profits (see story on page 30), which were not subject to anything resembling control even during the freeze. But no one has yet proposed outright defiance. By insulating himself through commissions, boards and councils from the rough and tumble of the actual de-

cisions, Richard Nixon clearly succeeded in making Phase II much more of a team project than the freeze had been.

In effect, the public and business members of the Pay Board decided to call labor's bluff that it would work against the program unless all union demands were met and see what would happen. At least for the moment, all that happened was angry noise from Meany & Co. The labor members did not walk off the Pay Board, as they had made many implied threats to do. Union leaders correctly feel that they are in a political trap: a walkout, or strikes against Pay Board decisions, might set them up as the villains if Phase II fails to bring inflation under control.

* "Guideline" has become something of a Democratic economists' buzz word, and the Nixon White House prefers "yardstick." Indeed, the White House is proudly passing in 36-in. wooden rulers bearing the motto: "Follow the Yardstick to a New Prosperity."

II rules will be anywhere near enough to do the job effectively.

Another potential obstacle to the success of Phase II is the degree of flexibility shown by the Pay Board and the Price Commission. Both left themselves ample room to make exceptions from the guidelines for hardship cases—and to exception the program to death, should they choose or be pressured into doing so. The Pay Board, for example, agreed to consider vagaries like "the equitable position of the employees involved" in deciding about new contracts. And the Cost of Living Council modified price rules less than a day after they had been posted. Some of the nation's largest firms that face imminent increases in wages, including automakers, will be allowed to raise prices without waiting the required 30 days. Their prices will be subject to later rollback by the Price Commission. Nonetheless, as even the President acknowledged, some highly visible prices can be expected to "bulge" in the first days of Phase II.

Toward Phase III. For all that, the debate and even rancor of the past three months have produced a program close to the one long urged on Nixon by many economists, including a majority of TIME's Board of Economists. "It is a good, constructive and reasonable start," says Walter Heller, former head of the Council of Economic Advisers. The biggest question of Phase II is whether the panels of men named by the President to administer his plan can convince businessmen, workers and consumers that the controls are being handled strictly yet equitably. If they can do so, there is a good chance that the U.S. economy will move into what the Administration has already named Phase III: economic recovery.

A Flexible Guide On Wages

Labor leaders had to swallow some of their more blustery words when they agreed to stay on the Pay Board even after losing the key vote on overall wage standards for Phase II—but it may prove a profitable meal. The board's guiding rule that most future increases should be held to an average of 5.5% looks simple enough, but what it will mean in practice will be determined largely by case-by-case decisions in which labor will be an articulate participant. One thing, however, is entirely clear: the guideline emphatically does not mean that pay raises next year, where they occur, will total exactly 5.5%.

To begin with, the guideline is an average for all of a company's employees. A boss can give 10% raises to some workers and only 3% to others, so long as the increases taken together do not come to more than 5.5%. Equally important, the standard applies to the total of wages and fringe benefits. A

union demanding a costly increase in benefits, such as an extra week of vacation, might have to ask for wage raises lower than 5.5% in order to stay within the guideline. The 5.5% standard is supposed to cover not only contract boosts but merit raises for salaried employees, increases in bonuses and salesmen's commissions and the like: the Pay Board, however, has not yet issued specific rules on these subjects.

What Is "Unreasonable"? The board left itself free to improve wage and benefit increases totaling more than 5.5% if its members should feel that the circumstances warrant such a move or that equity demands it. It could well grant higher raises, for example, to unions that agree to abandon featherbedding work practices. Low-wage workers who organize themselves into a union might also get clearance for raises larger than 5.5% that would bring their pay into line with previously unionized employees.

The largest number of increases high-

The 1.6 million unionized workers who had raises come due during the freeze itself will start collecting them this week, but as a general rule they will not get back pay. The board, however, will permit retroactive increases for workers whose employers had raised prices before the freeze in anticipation of higher wage bills. Depending on how the board defines "prices," this exemption could possibly apply to teachers in school districts where taxes had been hiked in order to pay the raises that were then lost in the freeze. Retroactivity also will be allowed to correct undefined "severe inequities."

Exemption for the Poor. Millions of workers will not be subject to the 5.5% guideline at all. The working poor—those paid less than the federal minimum wage of \$1.60 an hour—are exempt. So are 4.3 million civilian and military employees of the Federal Government, whose pay is legislated by Congress. One result of this exemption is that freeze-delayed military pay increases



"Look, George! I think it's begun!"

er than 5.5% that will be paid out in the next year or so will probably be those written into contracts that were signed before the pay-price freeze. Some 5.8 million workers are scheduled to get contract raises averaging 6.1% during 1972. The board decided to let all such deferred increases go through unless they are "unreasonably inconsistent" with the general rules—but did not say how much would be unreasonable. Most deferred raises, including the boost of about 7% due to 700,000 auto workers later this year, are likely to be paid; only a few as high as the 10% increase scheduled for 350,000 Teamsters might be challenged. Challenges can be raised by the employers involved, or by any five members of the Pay Board itself.

es ranging up to 50% will be paid this week.

Although they have drawn the most discussion at the outset, the questions of deferred increases, retroactivity and exemptions will fade in importance as the nation moves deeper into Phase II. A bigger question for the future is what, if any, changes might be made in the 5.5% guideline itself. The Pay Board said that the guideline will be "reviewed periodically." As a result, the nation is likely to see a return of the one-year union contract. Labor leaders over many years have got into the habit of negotiating contracts for two, three or even four years, but few will want to tie their members any longer than necessary to a wage guideline that might be changed.

A Complex Formula For Prices

By specifying weeks ago a goal of getting the inflation rate down to 2% to 3% by the end of next year, President Nixon in effect fixed the Price Commission's post-freeze guideline in advance. For the record, commission members last week announced the target for price increases during the next year at an average of 2½%, or midway between the President's figures. Far more important, they drafted an ingenious plan that ties most Phase II price levels to a company's current health as measured by its productivity and profits. If the U.S. economy expands vigorously in 1972—the year that Nixon has predicted could be “great” for business—and corporate executives zealously observe the spirit of the guideline,

formally which price increases seemed justified. It was eventually criticized by labor leaders for providing too much leeway for businessmen to realize high profits. To overcome that objection in the current plan, the Price Commission added another stipulation: no firm will be able to increase its basic profit per unit of production by raising prices. Businessmen are encouraged to raise total profits by increasing sales, and they are also allowed to increase their per-unit profits as long as they do not raise prices—by realizing new efficiencies, for example. But if a company's earnings as a percentage of sales begin edging up, no price boosts will be allowed.

One intent of these rules is to encourage businesses with relatively stable costs, rising productivity and expanding profit margins into cutting prices and increasing sales. The com-

mission, however, can order price cuts only in unusual circumstances, chiefly when it finds that a company has raised prices unjustifiably. The first reaction of many businessmen to the complex formula was to order their accounting departments to calculate recent profit margins—frequently as the first step toward asking for price increases.

level price tags. Says Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson Jr.: “I hope the consumer will ask to see that some prices have gone down as well as up.” Even if they do, prices during Phase II may seem more flexible to the average consumer than his wages. Businessmen who are able to substantiate sharp cost increases will be allowed to raise prices more than 2.5%, and few customers know enough about productivity or profit margins to determine for themselves if a price change by a less-than-giant company can be effectively challenged. Further, Cost of Living Council Director Donald Rumsfeld announced the exemption of a long list of items—including used cars and houses, precious stones, life-insurance premiums, custom tailored clothes and almost anything else that is either secondhand or made to order—from any price controls whatever. By COLC estimate, the average consumer spends up to 20% of his income on purchases that will no longer be controlled. It will take vigilance aplenty by organized consumer groups and the Government to enforce the new rules on the other 80%.

Price and Wage Classification by Reporting Categories

Price	Wage
Proinflation	Proinflation
1300 Firms	500 Firms
45% of Total US Sales	18% of Total US Sales
Reporting	Reporting
1000 Firms	4000 Firms
5% of Total US Sales	7% of Total US Employment
Non-Reporting	Non-Reporting
10 million Firms	
50% of Total US Sales	



COLC DIRECTOR RUMSFELD EXPLAINS CLASSIFICATIONS IN WASHINGTON
A long list of exemptions.

some prices could actually go down.

The commission ruled that price hikes in most industries must be limited to increased costs minus any gains in productivity, the amount that a single worker can produce in one hour. Thus in order to raise prices a businessman must be prepared to prove that 1) he faces increased outlays for labor or materials and 2) these rises will not be offset by productivity improvements. Productivity is difficult to measure in many industries, particularly services (TIME, Nov. 15), and the commission has not yet announced how it should be calculated by businessmen seeking price rises. Economists agree, however, that productivity generally rises in a post-recessionary period like the present one, and thus should put a brake on price boosts.

Lessened Leeway. The costs-less-productivity formula is basically the one used by Kennedy and Johnson economists in the mid-'60s to gauge in-

mission, however, can order price cuts only in unusual circumstances, chiefly when it finds that a company has raised prices unjustifiably. The first reaction of many businessmen to the complex formula was to order their accounting departments to calculate recent profit margins—frequently as the first step toward asking for price increases.

Lingering Freeze. Only a few of the nation's 1,300 largest companies will be allowed to raise prices right away, however; most must give a month's advance warning of any planned boosts. So the prices of many manufactured items, including General Electric washing machines, Kodak cameras, Budweiser beer and all Sears, Roebuck goods, are in effect still frozen at least until mid-December. Moreover, the commission continued the freeze on most residential rents until a still-to-be-named rent board can work out special guidelines, and it forbade storekeepers to increase prices until they post a list of their major freeze-

INTEREST RATES

Free Fall

Early in the wage-price freeze, labor leaders and some Democrats urged President Nixon to slap controls on interest rates too. The Administration refused, contending that free-market rates were poised for a drop that controls might actually prevent. As Phase II begins, with loan charges still uncontrolled, that judgment seems vindicated. Interest rates have declined substantially over a broad front, making this part of Nixon's New Economic Policy an unqualified success for the moment.

The fall in rates lowers costs both for businessmen borrowing to buy new equipment or to build inventory, and for consumers financing major purchases through bank loans. Even the banks' own borrowing is becoming less expensive. Last week the Federal Reserve cut its discount rate, the fee it charges on loans to member banks, by a quarter point, to 4½%. A continued drop in interest could help stabilize the politically sensitive Consumer Price Index. Interest rates on home mortgages and auto-purchase loans, for example, are figured into the cost of buying housing and cars.

Effective Jawboning. Washington has not ignored interest rates. Treasury Secretary John Connally has forcefully expressed to bankers his wish for cheaper money. Such jawboning seems to have had some effect. Bank charges on personal loans lately have fallen from 5½% to 5½%, and New York's First National City Bank has chopped its mortgage rate three-eighths of a point, to 7½%. Bankers say privately that one reason for these declines is a desire to conform the Administration in its belief



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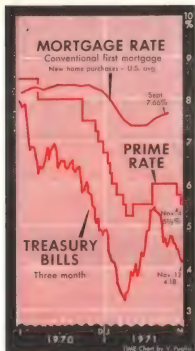


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that no direct controls on interest are needed.

The freeze itself helped push down bond interest rates, by giving lenders and borrowers more hope that inflation would be brought under control. Bond interest rates traditionally are composed of a 3% "basic" rate and a so-called inflationary premium tacked on in anticipation of a further erosion of the dollar's value. High-quality utility bonds that sold at an average yield of 8 1/2% before the freeze now go for 7 1/2%.

Gathering Momentum. By far the most important force dragging down rates, however, is an imbalance between money supply and demand. Despite recent tightening, the Federal Reserve has pumped large quantities of lendable funds into the economy this year. But loan demand from business has been sluggish, a reflection of the slow pace of recovery from the 1970 recession. With more money to lend than their corporate customers seem to want, bankers have cut their "prime" rate on business loans from 6% to 5 1/4%. Rates on commercial paper—promissory notes sold by business to raise short-term cash—have fallen too, and that drop could put more downward pressure on the prime rate. Such major banks as First National City and Irving Trust in New York and First National in Boston have introduced a "floating" prime rate that can be changed weekly in response to commercial-paper movements.

Some money men believe that the drop in rates will soon be reversed. "The economy is gathering momentum," says First National City Chairman Walter Wriston, "and when companies get confident enough to build inventories,

loan demand will rise." That could push rates back up by year's end or early in 1972. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns sought to counter such talk last week by promising that the Board will make enough money available to meet the needs of an expanding economy. It was no coincidence that he delivered his reassurance at the New York Stock Exchange. The stock market is the one sector of the nation's financial markets that seems to have been depressed rather than cheered by the freeze. Last week the Dow Jones Industrial Average tumbled 27 points to a new 1971 closing low of 813.

The latest stock-market plunge has dimmed President Nixon's reputation as a Wall Street prophet. On April 28, 1970, Nixon pronounced the time right for buying stocks: a year later, anyone who had sunk \$10,000 into an average New York Stock Exchange share on his advice would have had a profit of \$3,103. By last Friday's close, however, that paper profit had been just about cut in half, to \$1,535.

MONEY

A Relentless Breeze

For sheer stagecraft, Treasury Secretary John Connally's stopover in Japan last week rivaled a Kabuki drama. Two weeks before his arrival, rumors began emanating from the U.S. and Japan; in exchange for lifting the American import surcharge, Connally would demand that Japan revalue the yen upward by 15%, reduce the number of color television sets, automobiles and other big-selling items it ships to the U.S., pay part of the cost of keeping U.S. forces in Japan and drop trade barriers against U.S. farm goods. The Tokyo press started referring to the Secretary as "Typhoon Connally."

Japanese officials got the message—and so Connally felt no need of actually delivering an unpleasant ultimatum. Instead, he chose to play the role of an amiable but powerful friend seeking help. "I came as a gentle spring breeze," he joked. In two days of talks with Japanese leaders, including Prime Minister Eisaku Sato and Finance Minister Mikio Mizuta, he proved a rather relentless breeze. He continued to insist that the U.S. will not drop the surcharge until it can see a clear prospect of wiping out its balance of payments deficit. He left it to the Japanese—who are well aware of their dependence on the American market for their exports—to figure out a way of helping to do so. It would be "presumptuous" of the U.S. to specify a formula for another country, he said.

Pressing the Point. Lest anyone think he had softened, however, Connally lost few opportunities to drive home the U.S. position. At a press conference, a plaintive question about the U.S. surcharge prompted him to remark: "You can buy a Toyota in California for \$2,000. You can buy an American-made

Pinto there for approximately \$2,000, but that same Pinto here in Japan would cost you \$4,000. That is slightly more than 10%."

With obvious relish, Connally told the Japanese, who desperately want a quick solution to the international monetary crisis, that the U.S. was not responsible for delaying a settlement. He noted that he had to postpone the next meeting of the finance ministers of ten major non-Communist trading powers, a group of which he is chairman, from Nov. 22 until early December because "the European countries have had difficulty getting a common position." That remark touched a sensitive nerve in Common Market countries, which have been charging that the U.S. is dragging its feet on solving the world's monetary woes. The Europeans at this point agree only that a solution must involve a formal U.S. devaluation of the dollar, through an increase in the price of gold. They have not settled on what currency revaluations and trade concessions they will offer in return for that and the lifting of the U.S. surcharge.

On Nobody's Side. For all his friendliness in Tokyo, Connally is clearly trying to force a settlement with Japan and use it to pressure European countries into upvaluing their currencies against the dollar. For the moment, European disunity gives the U.S. the advantage, and Connally's strategy just might work. But he is taking the gargantuan risk that a continuing impasse could hobble world trade badly enough to touch off a global recession. Connally recently remarked that he feels "under no compulsion to settle." Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns does not share that insouciance. Testifying to the House Banking and Currency Committee earlier this month, Burns said, "Time is on nobody's side."



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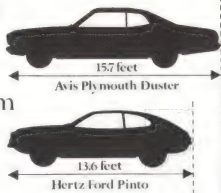
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THE WORLD



KANG SHENG, CHIANG CHING, CHOU EN-LAI, LIN BIAO & MAO TSE-TUNG IN PEKING (1966)

China: The Fall of Mao's Heir

WITH mounting frustration, outsiders have sought for more than two months to make sense of portents from Peking suggesting an epic struggle for power in China. Last week China watchers from Hong Kong to Washington at last claimed to have some tangible evidence about the mysterious events. Only the barest dimensions of the conflict are discernible, but Western intelligence experts now believe that they have enough clues, including several from sources within China, to draw some dramatic conclusions:

► Lin Biao, war hero, defense minister and the man whom Mao Tse-tung personally anointed as China's future leader only 2½ years ago, is politically finished and very possibly dead as well.

► Of the 21 full members of the Politburo, only nine are now active; of the remaining dozen, six have dropped completely from view since the puzzling happenings of September.

► Chou En-lai, China's agile Premier, is the most powerful man in Peking after Mao, but he stands at the head of a Politburo decimated by purges and a government riven by myriad factions.

Lin's Sins. The climax of the struggle came in mid-September. In one frantic four-day period Chou En-lai abruptly canceled most of his appointments and the entire Politburo dropped from public view, possibly because its members had been summoned to an emergency session in Peking. China's military leaders also disappeared, including Chief of Staff Huang Yung-sheng, one of his deputy chiefs of staff, the chief of the air force, the First Commissar of the navy and at least twelve senior officers in the Peking military headquarters; they have not been seen since. After a British-made tri-jet Trident transport mysteriously crashed deep in Mongolia, the Chinese air force was grounded; not

until seven weeks later were some essential flights resumed.

From sources inside China and probably fairly high in the Communist Party hierarchy, Western experts have learned that the top men in Peking—perhaps including Chou En-lai himself—have been convening secret meetings of party officials to relate the "sins" of Lin Biao. One such meeting of 200 Communist leaders was held in Canton three weeks ago. Lin's sins are said to include no fewer than three attempts on Mao's life over an 18-month period.

Last September, Lin was somehow found out, and he decided to try to flee China. He raced to a military airfield near Peking with his wife, his son and two key co-conspirators: Mao's chief ideologue, personal secretary and ghost-writer, Chen Po-ta, who was purged from his fourth-ranking spot in the Politburo last fall, and Wu Fa-hsien, boss of the Chinese air force. The would-be defectors took off in a Trident equipped with a special radar designed to permit flights at very low altitudes. Wherever they were headed, they never made it. Lin's own daughter, Lin Tou-tou, betrayed the escape attempt, and the Trident was somehow shot down.

Can the tale be true? The Soviets know the identities of the nine bodies found at the Trident crash site, but they will say only that the victims were in uniform, that one was a woman and that there were signs of an armed struggle in the aircraft, suggesting a hijack attempt. Experts tend to believe the fantastic story of Lin's flight, though they concede that the account of the assassination attempts might have been fabricated to make it less embarrassing for Mao to purge the man whom he had personally designated his "closest comrade in arms and successor." After all, the Chairman had purged another dis-

puted heir, Liu Shao-chi, only five years earlier. What was evident was that Lin had been in a showdown with Chou and Mao, and had lost.

No one knows what form the showdown took or why Lin felt compelled to seek it. Almost certainly, Lin's fall was related to a desperate drive by leftists who rose to brief prominence during the Cultural Revolution to regain power in the party, which has been rebuilt over the past 2½ years under the military's aegis. Lin, of course, was vice chairman of the party. But was he resisting the leftists, in his role as China's Defense Minister? Or was he battling the military, in his role as a leading leftist?

Whatever his role was, Lin is now clearly being cast as an unspeakable villain. He has been the target of oblique attacks by the party journal *Red Flag*, which has been denouncing "political swindlers" and "criminal plotters" hatched by "ranking leaders." There are other unmistakable signs. Copies of the Little Red Book of Mao's quotations have been withdrawn from libraries and bookshelves all over China because Lin wrote the introduction.

Peking Order. At a public reception honoring the 30th anniversary of the Albanian Communist Party last week, a new Politburo pecking order emerged—and there were some stunning surprises. Predictably enough, Chou occupied Lin's No. 2 position. But No. 3 turned out to be none other than Mao's wife Chiang Ching. She was one of the reddest of the Red Guard leaders during the Cultural Revolution, and her rise may spell new power for the small nucleus of relatively youthful leftists in the Politburo. One of its key figures is Yao Wen-yuan, who is rumored to be Chiang Ching's son-in-law and is Peking's new press and propaganda chief:

another is Chang Chun-chiao, party boss of Shanghai, who recently has been working out of Peking as China's man in charge of relations with foreign Communists. That job was formerly handled by Kang Sheng, a leftist Politburo member who may have been one of the earliest casualties of the political infighting that boiled up over the summer.

Chou's clique within the Politburo includes his deputy, Li Hsien-nien, and his old confidant Yeh Chien-ying, 73, a former marshal who was bumped up several places to the No. 4 position behind Mme. Mao. Yeh was with Chou in 1945 when General George C. Marshall was trying to mediate the civil war between the Nationalists and Mao's Communists. His youthful secretary at the time was Huang Hua, who arrived in New York last week as Peking's Permanent Representative to the United Nations. Yeh is expected to serve as chief of staff, at least for a while, to fill the vacuum left by the disappearance of the military chiefs.

Good Humor. So far, the palace infighting has had no effect on Peking's foreign policy or on China's more than 750 million people. Recent mainland visitors, among them Old China Hand John S. Service, have left the country strongly impressed by a pervasive atmosphere of good humor and relaxation. But that is not surprising in view of the regime's inclination to keep its internal problems to itself. In fact, the lead item in every Chinese newscast these days is the Afro-Asian table tennis tournament in Peking.

The Madison Avenue Maoists

It was not exactly the smoothest of arrivals. When the Air France 707 bearing the Chinese delegation to the United Nations came to a halt at John F. Kennedy Airport last week, no one could find a key to the door of the loading platform, and the door had to be taken off its hinges before Peking's men could dis-

embark. Then the loudspeaker system went on the blink just as Deputy Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua uttered the first words of his arrival speech. Chiao manfully went ahead anyway, and the words were duly recorded for television: "The people of the United States are a great people, and there exists a profound friendship between the peoples of China and the United States."

The ten-man delegation was clearly intent on following the cautious line laid down by Premier Chou En-lai for Peking's first representatives at the U.N. in 21 years. Quoting an old Chinese proverb, "Be careful when facing a problem," Chou declared in an interview: "We do not have too much knowledge about the U.N., and are not too conversant with the new situation that has risen in the U.N. We must be very cautious. This does not mean, however, that we do not have self-confidence. It means that we must not be indiscreet and haphazard."

The thought was faithfully repeated by Chief Delegate Chiao when he paid his first official call on Indonesia's Adam Malik, President of the General Assembly. Chiao said that his relatively small mission, unfamiliar with the world organization, might at first be less active than many members of the U.N. expected. Nonetheless, the Chinese will receive considerable press exposure this week—when Chiao becomes the first diplomat to visit ailing Secretary-General U Thant, who is hospitalized with an ulcer, then when he delivers his first speech in the General Assembly.

Chiao may well have something to say in a scheduled debate on a Soviet proposal for a worldwide nuclear-disarmament conference. The Security Council may also take up the smoldering conflict between India and Pakistan, and China may be hard put to explain its support of the Pakistan government to the Third World countries that support India and the Mukti Bahini rebels of East Pakistan. Another

thorny issue to be debated is the security provided for U.N. delegates by the U.S. The Soviets have been so harassed by the extremist Jewish Defense League that they have threatened to leave New York and to try to take the U.N. with them. So far the Chinese have not been similarly bothered: pro-Mao demonstrators outnumbered the opposition 3 to 1 at the airport, and the anti-Maoists were kept out of sight.

Precise 15%. The Chinese delegation, accompanied by two newsmen and 40 clerks, assistants, typists and chefs, moved into Manhattan in style. They rented chauffeur-driven Cadillacs to get around town (at \$12 an hour) and took over the entire 72-room 14th floor of the Roosevelt Hotel—except for one room occupied for 25 years by an elderly widow who refused to move out. The midtown pad cost the People's Republic at least \$2,160 per night. The hotel responded nimbly to every request from the Chinese. Color television sets and hot plates were added to every room; a Chinese chef was hired, extra-large teacups were bought and the red flag of China was hoisted beside the Stars and Stripes hanging in front of the hotel at Madison Avenue and 45th Street.

Everywhere the Chinese appeared there was a horde of *paparazzi*-like newsmen. Reporters peered over the delegates' shoulders as they breakfasted on omelets and lunched on breast of chicken. They even checked the luncheon tips with waitresses (a precise 15%). After paying their first breakfast tab with a \$100 bill, the Chinese began signing for everything. Through it all, the delegates managed resigned smiles and noncommittal answers. One mission member, noting the crowd of newsmen, said to Time's Mandarin-speaking David Aikman: "You can't avoid them, can you?"

The U.S. delegation faced an unusual diplomatic situation: how to deal

CHIAO KUAN-HUA AT U.N.

MAOIST DEMONSTRATORS AT J.F.K. AIRPORT





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with the Chinese when there are no diplomatic relations between Washington and Peking. "We shall be proper, polite, courteous," said U.S. Ambassador George Bush. "We will be discreet, fair and available." Both sides, in fact, tacitly look upon the U.N. delegation as China's unofficial embassy to the U.S. As one qualified friendly gesture, the U.S. applied to the Chinese the same travel regulations that govern the movements of the Soviets. Delegates from other Communist countries that have no diplomatic relations with Washington, such as Cuba, Albania and Mongolia, must apply for special permission to travel more than 25 miles from Manhattan's Columbus Circle; the Soviets, and now the Chinese, merely have to notify the State Department 48 hours in advance that they intend to take such a trip.

To the distress of the U.S. mission, which considers it a matter of course for a country to include intelligence operatives among its diplomats, the FBI leaked word that Kao Liang, leader of the Chinese advance party, was a well-known Peking agent. Kao (whose name is pronounced Gow) was reported to have been hoisted out of India, Mauritius and Burundi for fomenting subversion while working for the New China News Agency. The charge may well be true, and at least one U.S. diplomat abroad affirms, "We know he is a spook," though the same accusation was equally applicable to every Chinese diplomat in Africa during the 1960s, when Peking's men were aiding insurgents everywhere.

Grave Concern. The Chinese and U.S. delegations may well clash head-on rather earlier than expected, and on an issue in which the Americans will be on difficult diplomatic ground. Last week the U.S. House of Representatives, following an earlier move by the Senate, passed the military procurement bill with an amendment that removes the President's authority to ban the import of chrome from the breakaway British colony of Rhodesia. Such imports would directly violate a 1966 Security Council resolution—supported by the U.S.—that imposed economic sanctions against the Salisbury regime. Last week the U.N. Committee for Trusteeship and Non-Self-Governing Territories overwhelmingly (93 to 2, with 12 abstentions) passed a draft resolution expressing "grave concern" over the congressional move and reminding the U.S. of its pledge. The U.S. would certainly not be alone in buying Rhodesian chrome. The Soviets, while professing to obey the sanction, in fact import chrome from Rhodesia themselves and resell it to the U.S. at a markup. Now, however, the issue gives the Chinese an early opportunity to cast both the U.S. and the Soviet Union in the role of villains, while presenting themselves as the champions of the black African nations that they hope to lead in the General Assembly.

SOUTH ASIA

Blackouts and Border Battles

In New Delhi last week, civil defense forces staged two blackouts to prepare the capital's 3,630,000 residents for the possible outbreak of open warfare with Pakistan. Both blackouts failed miserably. While half the city was plunged into darkness, Connaught Circus, New Delhi's Times Square, remained lit up like a Christmas tree.

There were trial blackouts in the East Pakistan capital of Dacca too, but they are taken much more seriously there: after all, civil war between Bengali rebels and the Pakistani army is already a bloody reality. The Pakistan military command urged East Pakistanis to be-

each other over the eastern border. Some relief camps in India have been hit by Pakistani shelling, with resulting casualties among the nearly 10 million refugees who fled East Pakistan in the wake of the Pakistani civil war. Pakistani terrorists have also been slipping behind Indian lines to commit sabotage. For India's part, a brigade-size force, stationed near the border town of Belonia, was reported to have helped Bengali guerrillas drive the Pakistan army out of a 40-mile square area of East Pakistan last week.

With such skirmishes threatening to get out of hand, a high U.S. State Department official warned: "The burning fuse is fast reaching the powder." Accordingly, the big powers took measures



BENGALI GUERRILLAS IN TRAINING

"The burning fuse is fast reaching the powder."

gin digging trenches in the compounds of all buildings "to face any eventuality."

The most fearful eventuality now seems all too possible. Both India and Pakistan deny that they are drifting into an undeclared war, as they did in Kashmir in 1965, but there were reports that each side had violated the other's borders. According to Indian Defense Minister Jagjivan Ram, the "ground rules" call for the two nations to tolerate "minor" provocations by one another. The danger is that either side may decide that a major violation has occurred and strike back in force. Both have sizable forces stationed near the borders—80,000 Pakistani regulars are in East Pakistan and perhaps as many as 120,000 Indians are along the 1,300-mile eastern border. Because of the earlier dispute over Kashmir, the western frontier, where each side has deployed an estimated 250,000 troops, could prove to be the more dangerous.

Each side has frequently violated the other's airspace. For weeks, Pakistani and Indian forces have been shelling

last week to urge restraints on India and Pakistan. Though China and the U.S. have both appeared to be lined up with Pakistan and the Soviet Union with India, the three outsiders are extremely reluctant to get involved. In Washington, Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco called in both the Indian and Pakistani ambassadors and stressed that the situation must be immediately defused. The Administration announced that it was revoking 53,600,000 worth of arms licenses to Pakistan; the licenses had been approved before Richard Nixon imposed an embargo on new arms sales to Islamabad last March.

Qualified Support. The same day that the arms halt was announced in Washington, a high-level Pakistani delegation returned home from Peking. Headed by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, former Foreign Minister and now leader of the Pakistan People's Party, the mission met with Premier Chou En-lai and other Chinese dignitaries in what was viewed as a move to counter India's re-

cently signed friendship treaty with Moscow. The Pakistanis received qualified support. While Peking vaguely pledged help "should Pakistan be subjected to foreign aggression," it also urged the Pakistanis to seek "a reasonable settlement" in East Pakistan. The Chinese are believed to want no part of a war that could draw in the Soviet Union, and they want to leave their options open in the event that the popular movement in the East is successful.

In Europe, meanwhile, in the last days of her three-week journey to rally sympathy for India, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi conferred with French President Georges Pompidou and West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. In Paris she was assured that there would be no new arms shipments to Pakistan; in Bonn she picked up a pledge of \$15 million more in refugee relief, which brings the West German government's contribution to \$23 million.

Back home, Indian officials pointed out that Mrs. Gandhi had not gone to the West "hat in hand but to do some plain speaking." She did indeed win a wide display of public sympathy for India's enormous refugee burden, but it was believed that she had also hoped for more tangible support to stave off the hard-liners in her party who argue that a war with Pakistan would be cheaper than continuing to care for the refugees. As the French daily *Le Monde* commented: "Unfortunately, it is not certain that she will be able to come back from her trip with decisive cards."

LATIN AMERICA

Journey for a Homebody

WELCOME TO YOUR HOME: Chile said the cheery banners at Santiago's Pudahuel airport. From the start of his two-week visit, Cuba's Fidel Castro did not seem to be at home at all. A 21-gun salute boomed out as he walked down the ramp of his four-jet Ilyushin, but the speech that Castro had labored over on the long flight from Havana stayed in the pocket of his olive-green fatigues. Silenced by Chilean protocol, which allows only heads of state to deliver arrival addresses, has Cuba's Premier. Castro is technically only a head of government; Fidel met his host and old friend President Salvador Allende Gossens with a mumbled request: "Tell me what to do."

Evidently, Allende did just that. It was Castro's first appearance anywhere outside Cuba in seven years, and his first in South America in twelve. But instead of playing to the grandstand, Castro kept pretty much to himself, which was apparently just what his host had prescribed. Castro spent two quick days

laying wreaths and touring factories in Santiago, then set off on an extensive trip covering the spiny Andean country's entire 2,600-mile length. Everywhere he went, Castro ducked reporters, protesting that he was "under protocol."

There were occasional flashes of the familiar Fidel. Three hundred Cubans had been brought in to augment the Chilean security setup, so one newsman jestingly asked Castro if he was wearing a bulletproof vest, too. "Oye, it is as hot here as it is in Havana," he shot back. "I don't even wear an undershirt." But Castro plainly failed to arouse much excitement. When he arrived, a crowd of some 750,000 Chileans lined the streets of Santiago, chanting "Fi-del, Fi-del,

ezueta was exposed and the Organization of American States invoked trade and diplomatic sanctions against Havana.

For the moment, however, the main effect of Castro's trip has been to accentuate the political polarization in the region. Cuba is still considered a menace by many Latin American governments, notably Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, Bolivia and Guatemala. They take his Chilean junket as the signal for a general broadening of a Communist wedge in Latin America.

Even Cuba's new-found friends in Latin America are still somewhat wary of Castro. Though his anti-Yanqui posturing has appeal, the dictatorial image of his country does not sit well, especially with the democratic Chileans. Allende has been at pains to emphasize that "I am a personal friend of Fidel Castro, but our methods, tactics and strategy are different." The head of Peru's left-wing junta, General Juan Velasco Alvarado, plans to greet Castro when the Premier stops off in Lima on his way back to Cuba, but perhaps not with fully open arms. Last week police moved to break a violent two-week strike by 12,000 workers at Peru's U.S.-owned Cerro de Pasco copper mines by force of arms; the fighting left five dead and 16 wounded, including six policemen. The junta blames the trouble on "extreme-left agitators," many of whom are thought to have received their inspiration—and perhaps more—from Havana.

No Reason. Though there is nothing like unanimity toward Castro among the Latin lands, is it time for



CASTRO & ALLENDE IN SANTIAGO
A trifle outmoded.

give those Yankees hell!" Bigger and more enthusiastic crowds had turned out for Charles de Gaulle in 1964 and Queen Elizabeth in 1968. In Antofagasta, where there are three universities, Castro drew only 400 to a student rally.

Still Wary. In Chile, as elsewhere in Latin America, Castro seems a trifle outmoded. His heavy dependence on the Russians has won him no admirers, and his Sierra Maestra style is considered anachronistic by those who follow the smooth urban guerrillas of Uruguay and the business-suited Marxists of Allende's Chile. Even so, he is gaining ground: Peru may soon become the second Latin American country to re-establish diplomatic relations with Cuba. Chile did so a year ago. Mexico has maintained relations with Havana all along, and Argentina and Venezuela may follow. The result could be a rapid erosion of the isolation that was imposed on Cuba in 1964, when Castro's attempt to export revolution to Ven-

ezuela was exposed and the Organization of American States invoked trade and diplomatic sanctions against Havana.

The fact is that there is no compelling reason for such a turnaround on Cuba as there was on China, which had drastically moderated its policies in the two years before Richard Nixon's trip was announced. Castro seems either unwilling or unable to cease firing those big-bore anti-American blasts. Last April Nixon suggested that U.S. policy toward Cuba could change if Havana renounced its policy of violent intervention throughout Latin America. Castro's reply was a salvo at Washington's "cop-like Government" and the OAS, which he dismissed as "a filthy, rotten bludge with no honor." There the matter rests.

■ Cuba's homebody Premier has journeyed outside his country only five times since becoming Premier: to the U.S. for a speaking tour shortly after he came to power in 1959, to Argentina and Uruguay a month later, to New York City and the United Nations in 1960, to Moscow in 1963 and 1964.



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THE PHILIPPINES

Binding Up the Wounds

Settling scores with bullets rather than ballots is nothing new in the Philippines, where personal vendettas are frequently settled in the heat of campaigning. But from the moment two grenades ripped through a political rally in Manila's Plaza Miranda last August, killing nine bystanders and wounding every one of the Liberal Party's eight senatorial candidates, the off-year election race promised to be one of the bloodiest ever. When the polls closed last week, even the most hardened observers were appalled at the carnage: a record 206 known dead, 217 wounded.

The violence did not frighten the voters away from the polls: 80% of the qualified electorate cast ballots. Nor did voters take seriously President Ferdinand Marcos' claims that Liberal-aided Communist insurgents were about to overthrow the government. In a stinging personal defeat for Marcos and a severe setback for his ruling Nacionalista Party, the voters gave the underdog Liberals six of the eight contested Senate seats—the only national offices at stake—as well as the Manila mayoralty. Marcos' party did considerably better in some 15,000 local and provincial races, but many of them were uncontested.

Crutches and Wheelchairs. The results were in sharp contrast to Marcos' overwhelming victories in 1965 and 1969. The opposition Liberals charged the administration with graft and corruption, failure to control rising living costs, and a double standard of justice for rich and poor. They also accused the President of intending to circumvent the constitutional limit of two terms by running his lovely wife Imelda for President in 1973. Marcos seemed to confirm as much when he said recently that his wife might have to run "to prevent a Communist tool from becoming President."

But it was the explosion at Plaza Miranda that overshadowed everything else. For more than a month, the whole Liberal slate was hospitalized. After the candidates emerged, with crutches, wheelchairs and bandages, their campaign appearances resembled a mobile hospital ward. Ramon Batagising, who was elected Manila's new mayor last week, had lost a leg; Senator Jovito Salonga, another winner, received extensive shrapnel wounds. A Manila businessman observed: "It was like watching a hospital scene on television. But it will work for the Liberals, all right."

Humble Start. Marcos did nothing to help his popularity when he seized on the incident to invoke emergency powers. Warning of a Communist plot to burn Manila and kidnap public officials, he revoked habeas corpus and had nearly 100 people arrested, including a college president. Late last week 11 persons were charged with subversion and gun running.

In a peace bid to the winners, whose strength in the 24-seat Senate soared

from two to eight, Marcos said: "I'd like to start as humble as anyone can be. Let's get together." Plainly, the Liberals are no longer the only politicians in the Philippines who are nursing wounds.

ISRAEL

On to the Political Wars

It had been rumored for months, but only last week did the Israeli government itself leak the news: Lieut. General Haim Bar-Lev, 47, chief of staff for the past four years and the man whose name was given to the Bar-Lev Line of Israeli fortifications along the Suez Canal, will leave the army at the end of the year in line with an Israeli tradition of generals retiring before they are 50. Bar-Lev's successor: his oldest friend and current second-in-command as chief of operations, Major General David ("Dado") Elazar, 46.

On the surface a simple hand-over of command, the move injects a new and complicating element into Israel's already tangled politics. Barring another war, Bar-Lev will step into the Cabinet, probably in April, to take up the key economic portfolio of Minister of Commerce and Industry. He will also step into an increasingly bitter campaign for the succession to Premier Golda Meir.

The Israeli armed forces may hardly notice the change. Friends since childhood days in Yugoslavia, Bar-Lev and Elazar confounded the Egyptians during the 1948 war by talking over their field radios in Serbo-Croatian. Bar-Lev, a tank man, refined the Israeli army's blitzkrieg tactics as chief of the armored corps between 1957 and 1961. That task was continued by his successor in the post, Elazar, who later led the attack on the Golan Heights during the 1967 Six-Day War.

Bar-Lev, prematurely silver-haired, courtly and soft-spoken, was chief of operations during the Six-Day War, and

later reshaped the Israeli army for the static "war of attrition" proclaimed by Egypt's late President Gamal Abdel Nasser in March 1969. Bar-Lev had his answer ready: a 100-mile line of forts, dug into the Suez sand, which weathered massive artillery assaults until the two sides agreed on a cease-fire last year. Meanwhile Elazar, also a monumentally calm commander, was backing up his chief by subduing the Arab fedayeen in the occupied territories.

Hot Skirmishing. In the Cabinet, Bar-Lev, a thoroughly apolitical general who does not belong to any party, will inescapably find himself in the middle of hot political skirmishing as the 1973 elections approach. By that time, Premier Golda Meir will be past 75. Since she recently told a meeting of Labor Party chiefs that politicians should retire at that age, she is not expected to stand for re-election. At present, the warmest rivalry for her post is between Defense Minister Moshe Dayan and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, who counts on Bar-Lev as a Cabinet counterweight to Dayan. Bar-Lev is being talked about as a possible candidate for the Defense job—and even, in a decade or so, for the premiership.

While Dayan is still the most popular politician in Israel, Sapir has the party organization sewed up. At the moment he commands the center of attention, since Israel's major problem is not military but economic. Facing severe austerity in 1972, Sapir has announced plans to cut back on benefits for immigrants and on the elaborate pageantry planned for Israel's 25th anniversary celebrations. The Treasury is so hard up that Israel was even ready to abandon its claim to the 50 Mirage aircraft held in France under an arms embargo imposed by Charles de Gaulle at the start of the 1967 war. Paris announced last week that it would buy back the planes, which originally cost \$67 million.



ELAZAR (LEFT), BAR-LEV (THIRD FROM LEFT) & DAYAN (RIGHT) AT SUEZ, 1970
What the Egyptians heard was Serbo-Croatian.

Decisive Year. With the front lines quiet for 15 months, Sapir has been pressing Dayan to whittle down the defense budget from this year's \$1.5 billion. Dayan grudgingly cut \$120 million from his 1972 budget. But then Sapir struck again. He told the Cabinet that the government would have to set a limit of \$3.9 billion for spending by all departments or risk disastrous inflation. That would mean a 40% cut for every other ministry unless Dayan gave up even more. In effect Sapir pitted the entire Cabinet against Dayan.

Dayan earlier warned armored-corps officers that, with negotiations over a Suez Canal settlement at an impasse and with Egypt's President Anwar Sadat making threatening noises, "1972 will be a decisive year." Last week he declared: "I won't give my hand to cutting 100 or 200 tanks from our forces." His aides meanwhile put out stories that Israel would have to curtail purchases of bombs and shells and construction of forts if the defense budget were cut too sharply. Bar-Lev was no help to Dayan. He allowed that, if the cease-fire continued, reserve duty could be reduced, resulting in considerable savings.

SOVIET UNION

Degrees of Terror

"There is no Jewish question in the Soviet Union," Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin told a press conference in Canada last month. "This question is from beginning to end an invented one."

That, to put it mildly, is something of an exaggeration. A talented Jew can rise to great eminence in Soviet society, as have Violinist David Oistrakh and Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya, but the ordinary Jew is subject to rigid quotas that often bar him from universities and good jobs. Teaching Judaism and Hebrew is illegal; Yiddish culture is severely restricted. In the streets, Russia's traditional anti-Semitism has never really died. "We may not be victims of physical genocide," says Mikhail Zand, a distinguished philologist who recently managed to get out of Russia and settle in Israel, "but we are the victims of a cultural and spiritual genocide, simply because the Russians refuse to let Jews live a Jewish life."

Carefully Balanced. For years, the Jews of Russia accepted their fate stoically—Novelist Elie Wiesel called them "the Jews of Silence"—but ever since the Arab-Israeli war of 1967 they have become increasingly vociferous. So have their supporters abroad. Last week a House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee headed by New York Democrat Benjamin S. Rosenthal opened an investigation into the problem by having the State Department present an evaluation. The Deputy Assistant Secretary for European Affairs, Richard T. Davies, appeared at the hearing with a 21-page statement. Though carefully balanced, it promptly touched off a chorus of pro-



MOSCOW'S CHIEF RABBI & MEMBERS OF HIS FLOCK
Not physical genocide, but cultural and spiritual.

tests that demonstrated how touchy the whole question has become.

"All Soviet citizens—not just Jews—suffer from the Soviet government's policy of militant atheism and its refusal to consider migration as a right rather than a rare privilege," Davies said. He added that Jews were treated worse than other minorities, harassed by "anti-Zionist" campaigns and "deprived of the cultural ingredients needed to preserve their cultural and religious identity." He said that the State Department "deplored" this and was doing what it could to help. At the same time, Davies warned against exaggeration. "Claims that Soviet Jews as a community are living in a state of terror seem to be overdrawn," he said. "There can be no comparison with the terrible era of the Nazi holocaust or Stalin's blood purge of Jewish intellectuals."

There is certainly no disputing that statement. Still, Davies' cautions were all that the Soviet dailies *Izvestia* and *Pravda* reported in stories declaring that the U.S. Government had in effect absolved Moscow of mistreating its Jewish population. Even the New York *Times* headlined: U.S. ASSETS SOVIET JEWS ARE NOT LIVING IN TERROR. Predictably, the reaction was sharp.

Israeli officials cited scores of cases in Russia of Jews being attacked by Russian crowds, of Jewish graves being desecrated and of Soviet Jews being fired from their jobs or imprisoned for trying to emigrate. Davies' statement, said Leonard Schroeter, a U.S. lawyer now serving with Israel's Ministry of Justice, "is a classic instance of State Department evenhandedness, making no distinction between aggression and defense." "No, there is no reign of terror," said Philologist Zand. "But until last February there were waves of arrests and trials for those who longed to go to Israel."

Since then, however, the Soviets have

been easing their restrictions on Jewish emigration, possibly as a result of outside pressures. The total for this year may reach 10,000. That is not many in a community of some 2,000,000, but it is a lot more than the 1,000 exit visas granted to Jews last year—and more than have been granted for any other Soviet minority.

Last month, at the international music congress in Moscow, U.S. Violinist Yehudi Menuhin voiced a daring wish. "May we yet live to see the day," said Menuhin, "when every human being can dwell where his heart calls, whatever his creed." That is no more than is guaranteed under Article 13 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, of which the Soviet Union is a signatory. But it is more than Moscow dares grant its citizens, and so not a word of Menuhin's speech was printed in the Soviet press.

BRITAIN

A Rebel Vindicated

When Roy Jenkins, the urbane and gifted deputy leader of the Labor Party, broke ranks to vote in favor of Britain's entry into the Common Market three weeks ago, a chant of "Traitor! Traitor!" rose from the backbenches. Jenkins, 51, knew that he was risking his political future by defying Labor's anti-Market line (as did 68 other members of the party), but he defended his stand on the grounds of "honesty and consistency." He was Chancellor of the Exchequer when Harold Wilson's Labor government attempted to join the Market in 1969, and even though Wilson reversed field after his government fell last year, Jenkins refused to do so. "We set a course in government and should stick to it," he said.

Jenkins' critics demanded that he resign the deputy leadership. He dismissed that as "a somewhat mock heroic ges-

ture," but he expected a rough time when he came up for re-election to the key post. In last week's balloting among Labor M.P.s, however, Jenkins won a surprising 140 votes against 96 for Michael Foot, a leader of Labor's left wing, and 46 for former Minister of Technology Anthony Wedgwood Benn. Only three votes short of winning, Jenkins is expected to triumph in the runoff against Foot this week.

The vote does not mean that Britain's entry into Europe has been made easier. Jenkins can be expected to join in haggling over the enabling legislation that still must clear Parliament to bring Britain's laws in line with the Market's. But it does mean that Jenkins, an accomplished administrator and an eloquent advocate of what he calls "the civilized society," has not only survived but has emerged with the sort of national recognition he never before enjoyed. He has made some powerful enemies within his own party, to be sure, but he has moved closer to becoming heir presumptive to Harold Wilson.

Ulster: "Bloody Dodge City"

JOHAN LARTER and Marta Doherty were both 19, she living in the Catholic Bogside section of Londonderry, he a private in the Royal Anglian Regiment, which arrived in Ulster almost two years ago to keep the peace. They met last March and got engaged in April, and John agreed to become a Catholic. Last May, while they were out walking, three gunmen of the Irish Republican Army stopped them and shot John in the hand. "Marta went to help him," John's stepfather said later. "But for her, he would have been killed. It proved to him that she should be his wife."

Last week, three days before the wedding was to take place, Marta underwent another, even more trying proof. Three masked women seized her at her home, sheared off her dark brown hair, tied her to a lamppost and poured tar over her head. For half an hour, until she was released, Marta slumped against the post while a band of 80 women shouted, "Sol-

dier lover! Soldier lover!" A photographer, alerted in advance by local I.R.A. members, recorded the barbarous scene for the front pages of the world. Two other Catholic girls in Derry suffered similar treatment last week for the offense of dating British soldiers.

Bedroom Snipers. The state of affairs in the most bedeviled parts of Belfast and Londonderry is simple anarchy. Bombs explode daily in hotels, factories and supermarkets. School halls have become barracks; bedrooms have become snipers' nests. In Donegall Square, TIME Correspondent John Shaw cabled from Belfast last week, Bren-gun carriers stand guard over the crowds hurrying home in the autumn dusk before the city closes down for the night. Bus service stops at 7 p.m. because arsonists of the I.R.A. have been setting buses afire to lure security forces into ambush. After 10 p.m., all main roads leading to I.R.A. strongholds are closed to private cars, and no taxi will go near them. One who goes in on foot will be searched by patrolling British troops, or stopped half a dozen times in half a mile by I.R.A. women vigilantes, or even get caught in a sudden crossfire. Every night in the slums off Falls Road, all the walls at street corners are painted white to head height so that I.R.A. snipers can more easily spot troops on night patrol. The army usually repaints the walls in the morning, and the vigilantes repaint them again in the evening.

No Medals. The period of mob violence in Ulster seems to have ended. Instead, the battle is now between the British army, some 13,500 troops drawn from 20 different regiments, and I.R.A. gunmen. There are only about 500 of the gunmen, but they are well armed with Tommy guns, rifles and gelignite, and they hold the initiative with their hit-and-run raids. "It's bloody Dodge City in there," said a corporal of the Green Howards regiment on a midnight patrol at the edge of the Ardoyne district. "Full of cowboys wanting to be heroes. They'll shoot at any bloody thing."

Officially, this is not a war at all. There is no combat pay, and there will be no combat medals. In fact, the struggle for Ulster has many military points in common with the other antiguerrilla wars that the British army has fought in the past 20 years—Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus. "The main difference," says a major in the Black Watch infantry regiment, "is simply that we are fighting in our own country."

Cheers to Jeers. When the army intervened two years ago, the Catholics of Londonderry and Belfast welcomed the soldiers with cheers and cups of tea. The army's first mission was to protect Ulster's 500,000 Catholics against raids staged by extremists within the 1,000,000-member Protestant majority. But the militant Provisional faction of the I.R.A. foresaw that provocation would breed

Save That Tiger (Not That Yak)



ROYAL HIGHLANDERS IN ACTION

OUTFITTED in all that panoply of royal tradition, Queen Elizabeth's elite regiments have one natural enemy: the conservationist. On the head of every member of the Foot Guards, for example, rises half a Canadian bearskin; from the helmet of the Household Cavalryman sprouts a plume of yak hairs. Whenever the army's 88 military bands wheel into action, the soldiers who carry the big bass drums drape themselves in the skins of leopards and tigers.

Now the World Wildlife Fund, which lists tigers and leopards among

some 800 species threatened with extinction, has weighed in with a formal letter of protest to the Defense Ministry. The fund did not mention the yak-hair plumes or the bearskins, said a spokesman, because "yaks are domestic animals. And although we don't much like the idea of bears being killed to make furry hats, our criterion for protest is whether the animal is in danger of extinction, and bears aren't technically in such danger. Besides, when an experiment with nylon bearskins was tried a few years ago, they proved most unsuitable for wear in the rain. [They got frizzy.] But leopards and tigers are disappearing fast. There are only a few thousand of each left."

Though drum carriers have been wearing furs ever since the mid-18th century, the ministry nonetheless agreed last week not to buy any more skins. What happens when the present supply runs low? Well, there is a company near London that makes synthetic skins for \$40 (v. \$300 for a good leopard skin and \$550 for a tiger), but the bandsmen may not have to stoop to that just yet. "There must be thousands of skins from the old raj days being used as rugs or knocking around in attics," said Colonel Rodney Bashford, director of the Royal Military School of Music. "We hope that their owners will leave them to their old regiments when they die." Of course, Bashford added, "we are bound by tradition to use only leopard or tiger skin. Last year someone sent us a panther skin. Very kind of them, but no use to us at all."

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SERGEANT STONED BY MOB

"The main difference is that we're fighting in our own country."



GIRL SHEARED & TARRIED

repression, and repression would breed more militants. The "Provos" began sniping at the troops and the troops fired back; the army started making house-to-house searches and then interning suspects without charges or trials, a practice that touched off the current wave of violence. About 400 prisoners are now being held, and some of them claim that they have been tortured.

The Provos stand ready to terrorize moderate Catholics as well. A Belfast woman, mourning a son accidentally shot to death by soldiers, blames both "martial law" and "I.R.A. violence." But when she was asked whether her name could be used with such a statement, her husband quickly said: "For God's sake, don't do that. The Provos might blow the house up."

I.R.A. leaflets urge: "Hit the bastards hard and often. Get the tommy's tail between his legs and then drive your boot home to the third lace hole." Troops are spat at and sworn at by female vigilantes in language that makes tough sergeants blush, and young soldiers are taunted that their girls are being "screwed by the blackies" back home. Though some British units are one-third Catholic, a staff officer said: "By now, my chaps detest the Catholics."

By the standards of war, casualties have not been high. The army has lost 36 dead and 172 wounded this year; civilian deaths run to 76. That is partly because the army insists on a strategy of "minimum force." On a crowded street, soldiers may fire only when fired upon, only if they can see their attackers, and only in single shots. Every round must be accounted for in writing. The

army claims that its troops have been fired on 1,363 times this year (and been the targets of 800 Molotov cocktails), but have fired back only 320 times.

The army's intelligence is improving, and in recent weeks has led to the capture of several senior I.R.A. leaders, including the gunmen believed responsible for shooting three Scottish soldiers on a lonely country lane outside Belfast last spring. Nonetheless, high officers say that it will take a good 18 months to neutralize the I.R.A. They do not expect "victory" in the military sense—only that the I.R.A. can be reduced to a "nuisance" that can be controlled by the police.

Despite the army's expectations, the gunmen keep striking back. Last week snipers shot down an 18-year-old signal corpsman strolling in a rural village and a 23-year-old corporal on patrol in Londonderry. In Belfast, just 50 yds. from a heavily guarded police station, four gunmen followed a pair of unarmed plainclothesmen into a liquor store, ordered the storekeeper to lie on the floor, and then machine-gunned the police to death.

FRANCE

De Gaulle in a Crystal Ball

Charles de Gaulle foresaw that following his death the small village of Colombey-les-Deux Eglises—to which he retired after leaving the presidency in 1969 and where he now lies buried—would become a national shrine. "After me, this will be Lourdes," he reportedly remarked, adding wryly that "grandeur will be sold in the form of small medals, small flags and crosses of Lorraine in nougatine [candy]." Last

week, as France marked the first anniversary of De Gaulle's death, with President Georges Pompidou attending a Mass at Notre Dame and De Gaulle's widow and family a simple ceremony in Colombey, it was apparent that much of his prophecy had come true.

Thousands of avenues and streets, including the famed Place de l'Etoile in Paris, have been renamed in his honor. More than 1,000,000 copies of books about De Gaulle, including André Malraux's *Fallen Oaks*, have been sold. A spectacular called *La France de Charles de Gaulle* is now being filmed, and an organization has collected his uniforms, watch, pen, cane, képis, infantry saber, manuscripts, speeches and photographs for exhibit. A National Memorial Committee is building a \$1,000,000, 134-foot-high marble cross of Lorraine at Colombey that will be visible for 20 miles.

Simple Ritual. It is at Colombey, which has a population of 377 and is 150 miles southeast of Paris, that the cult is most evident. After the funeral last year, the village priest, Father Claude Saugey, said to the mayor: "Well, *Monsieur le Maire*, we can now go back to our dull, humdrum lives again." Hardly. By some estimates, possibly exaggerated, more than 1,000,000 pilgrims have journeyed to the general's off-white marble grave, where he lies beside his daughter Anne. The people come with flowers and handmade crosses of Lorraine, plaques and crude placards reading "To our leader," "notre grand chef," "to our liberator," "notre grand général." They come in battered *deux-chevaux*, creaking farm wagons, sleek Citroëns, by chartered trains and buses. General Jacques Massu, who was once sacked for his split with De Gaulle over Algeria and later won his way back into favor, came on horseback.

The ritual is simple: a walk to the village church containing the family pew, to the grave site, to the walled estate of La Boissière, where De Gaulle's widow Yvonne still lives in virtual seclusion, and then back to the town. There old, nearly empty restaurants have suddenly become packed and new restaurants are springing up, along with hotels. Colombey's streets have been repaved, there is a new post office to handle demands for a special anniversary stamp, and a 1,200-car parking lot is being built.

At Chez Janine, the pilgrim can find De Gaulle postcards embossed in 24-karat gold, pens and pencils, key rings, ashtrays and African stamps bearing the general's likeness. At the curio shop of the father of René Piot, the last villager to talk to the general, are De Gaulle chinaware and letter openers. De Gaulle inside a crystal ball surrounded by floating snow. De Gaulle busts, statuettes, books, records, cassettes, calendars, and crosses of Lorraine of various types. In one respect, however, the general's prophecy has proved wrong. There are absolutely no mementos in nougatine.

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THE SUDAN

The Armed Missionary

Dressed in a tan safari suit with a military cut, he sat at a table in the well of the crowded courtroom. There was a long, ugly scar on the side of his face—mute testimony to his occupation. As TV floodlights played on his shaved head, his eyes glanced over the galleries as if in search of a friendly face. He found none—only an Arabic sign with a verse from the Koran: "If you are to judge someone, be fair."

Then, as paratroopers trained rifles at the defendant's chest, the prosecutor rose to address the five-member military tribunal in the sweltering Khartoum People's Court. "In the name of God," he declared, "Rolf Steiner is an enemy of humanity and of the African peoples in particular. You will not try the accused alone, but the evil ideas, the organizations and the imperialist countries that are still seeking to exploit the Third World and drain its resources by aiding and creating mutinies and waging civil strife."

Khaki-Clad Knight. The scene in the Khartoum courtroom last August was memorable for more than its drama. It marked the first time that a white mercenary had ever been brought to trial in Africa. Last week the tribunal rendered its verdict: the German-born Steiner, 42, was guilty of aiding the 15-year-old rebellion of black southern Sudanese against the northern Arab government. Steiner was sentenced to death, but President Jaafar Numeiry immediately commuted the sentence to 20 years' imprisonment.

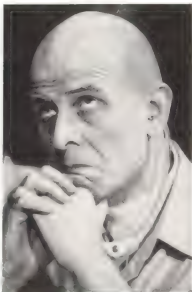
One reason Steiner was treated with leniency was that, in a 50,000-word confession, he freely admitted his role as the Anyanya rebels' commander in chief. The borderline area that separates the black Christian south from the brown Muslim north has become the scene of international intrigue on a grand scale, he said. He implicated, in varying degrees, CIA operatives, Peace Corps people, British intelligence, relief organizations, the Roman Catholic Church, Israel, Ethiopia and Uganda. Through his German-speaking Sudanese lawyer, Steiner pleaded that he was not a cold hired killer but a kind of khaki-clad White Knight destined to right the wrongs of black Africa.

Wolf Cubs. Destiny has thwarted Steiner: in seven wars he has never been on the winning side. His first military experience was in the World War II Nazi "Wolf Cubs," a branch of the Hitler Youth. Two years after the war ended he ran away from a Catholic seminary and joined the French Foreign Legion. He saw action in Korea, Indochina, the Middle East and Algeria. Steiner next went to Biafra. "They wanted to play a little bit of war," he recalled recently, "so I went there to play war."

He played all right. Considered *mu* (good luck) by the Biafrans, he rode around in a white Mercedes with a

death's-head pennant fluttering from its hood. Though a capable military commander, Steiner was regarded by observers as something between a borderline psychopath and a gleeful good Samaritan. To command attention from his troops, he would fire submachine-gun bursts into the ground at their feet.

But when he found a two-year-old Ibo child cowering in some bushes, its parents lying dead near by, he personally nursed the boy back to health. After keeping some Biafran army brasshats cooling their heels outside his caravan one night, Steiner emerged soaked with sweat and water. "I have been bathing my baby," he declared deadpan. In contrast to this episode, a trembling young Arab woman whom Steiner held captive in the Sudan testified at his trial that he had snatched



STEINER AT TRIAL IN KHARTOUM
Playing savior.

her baby and thrown it in a river.

Steiner was kicked out of Biafra in 1968. The next year he entered the rebel territory in the southern Sudan by way of Uganda. Quickly winning the rebels' confidence, Steiner was made commander in chief. Late last year, when he illegally entered Uganda to catch a flight to Europe, he was arrested. Uganda's President Milton Obote—who was overthrown two weeks later—turned him over to the Sudanese government.

Superior Man. "He was really a freak in this profession," reflected one of Steiner's old Biafra mates recently in Nairobi. "As a kind of self-appointed messiah, he thought he had a mission to fight for African underdogs. The run-away scholar of divinity was seeing himself as a kind of armed missionary, the superior man from the superior race playing savior to the persecuted." With a little more *mu*, Steiner may yet be out in time to fight another war.

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The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A.
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PEOPLE

Once, when he was Archbishop of Paris, the late **Pope John XXIII** visited Rome to see **Pope Pius XII** and deliver a report to the papal secretary of state, Archbishop Giovanni Battista Montini. Afterward, says the Milan newspaper *Domenica Del Corriere*, Pope John's secretary and protégé Don Angelo Rossi asked what had impressed him most about the trip: was it the audience with His Holiness? "No," was the reply, "I am always calm when I see the Pope. But if there is one personality I stand a little in awe of, that is Monsignor Montini. He always nipsicks my reports." Those reports could not have been all bad. Nitpicker Montini—now **Pope Paul VI**—eventually ordered an investigation, now in the works, of Pope John's qualifications for sainthood.

Heavyweight Champ **Joe Frazier** stepped into some jolting verbal punches at the Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus, but he finished the bout without a mark on him. Many of the inmates, who were appearing with him on a TV talk show originating from the prison, were partisans of ex-Champ **Muhammad Ali**, whom Frazier defeated last March. "I don't think you beat him. It was the three-year layoff," somebody yelled. Ali had been in fine shape for the fight, countered Joe. "Before the layoff, I woulda beaten him up worse. He got suspended for a while. There's laws about this kind of thing, I believe in laws." "Doesn't it bother you, Champ, to know that some folks consider you the Great White Hope?" shouted another prisoner. "I was waiting for that," smiled Frazier. "and I'm gonna give it to you straight. The white man never had champs as great as black champs. But look at Clay. Every time I see him, he's got white folks in his corner. I call that the real Uncle Tom."

"For her own person," wrote Shakespeare of the great **Queen Cleopatra**, "it beggar'd all description." Right, says Edward C. Rochette, editor of the *Numismatist*. It beggar'd all description because it was so ugly. His evidence: coins struck during Cleopatra's reign and bearing her image. "Cleop was homely as a road," claims Rochette. "Do you think a queen of her stature would permit issuance of coins depicting her as homely, if she were a raving beauty?"

Ex-Beatle **Paul McCartney**, who will be 30 next year, plans to celebrate his incipient middle age by forming a new musical group and taking it on the road. Members of the group—probably to be called **Wings**—will include his American wife **Linda**



LINDA & PAUL MCCARTNEY
New group.

(who has written some of the songs they will perform) and perhaps Singer **Denny Lane** of the **Moody Blues** and Drummer **Denny Silwell**. McCartney says he has been trying to secede from **Apple Corps**, the Beatles' business firm, but so far, the other members are refusing to let him go.

That disclosure that he had paid no 1970 state income tax because of business losses really hurt California's Governor **Ronald Reagan**. "Listen," he told **David Frost** on television, "after what I

took the last time, I don't care what exemptions I've got. I'm going to pay some tax in 1971 if I have to invent it." There have been other financial drains, the Governor said. When he and his wife **Nancy** moved out of the Governor's mansion in 1967 because they thought it was a fire trap, they rented a house for \$15,000 a year. "The law says the state has to furnish the Governor a place to live," Reagan told Frost. "But I felt a little self-conscious about having moved out voluntarily, so we paid the rent." Not any more—since July 1, 1970, the state of California has paid the \$15,000.

With a nude of Scandinavian Actress **Julie Ege** on the cover and one of Playboy Publisher **Hugh Hefner** on a center foldout, the current issue of Britain's 129-year-old humor magazine *Punch* is startling the stuffing out of some Establishment shirts. The *Playboy* parody, put together with the aid of Publisher Hefner, also includes a pendulous feature on the **Girls of Poland** and leering homage to Perennial Illustrator **Nicolas Varga**, whose naked ladies have become an American institution.

Proclaimed **Salvatore Micale**, the mayor of Catania, Sicily: "The civic administration has decided to honor a famous personage, a son of our city, who not only never wished to Americanize his surname—clearly of Sicilian origin—but also one who on various occasions has displayed his regret that he has never been accorded a public homage in Italy." But what kind of homage for **Hoboken-horn Frank Sinatra** (whose father was born in Catania)? A bust seemed to be the answer, until somebody remembered a national law that forbids statues of living persons. Catania will probably say it with flowers instead—by dedicating a Sinatra floral zone in the public gardens and giving Frank honorary citizenship—and with a *testa* and TV cameras and maybe even with Frank.

"American girls are dirty, with no makeup and hair down to here, because they are doing their own thing." U.S. Author **Leon Uris** (*Exodus*, *Topaz*) was sounding off in Sydney, Australia—a stop on a round-the-world tour to gather material for his eighth book, "Society's chief curse," carped Uris, is the birth control pill. "Sex has become such an open commodity that it has lost a lot of the affection a man and a woman should have for each other. By the age of 24 or 25, girls have had the romance bashed out of them. It is the age of the dirty old man in America now—at 24 or 25 every girl is looking for a middle-aged, dirty old man." Uris is 47. His present (third) wife is 24.



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SCIENCE

Rendezvous with Mars

After a voyage of more than five months and 248 million miles, the first of a trio of terrestrial ships made its rendezvous with Mars late last week. Precisely on schedule, the 1,300-lb. U.S. Mariner 9 fired its retrorocket and went into a looping orbit around the red planet, swinging as close as 800 miles to the Martian surface. With that successful maneuver, controlled entirely by its on-board computer, the \$76.8 million windmill-shaped robot became the first man-made satellite of another planet. As pictures of the dust-obscured Martian surface began reaching earth, delighted mission controllers at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., reported that Mariner's twin TV cameras and ultraviolet and infra-red sensors were all performing flawlessly.

The Russians, for their part, continued to remain silent about their two unmanned craft, which are expected to reach Mars some five to ten days after Mariner. But U.S. scientists who recently visited Russia revealed last week that they had been told by their Soviet counterparts that Mars 2 and 3 will attempt to land instrumented packages on the Martian surface. That seemed to confirm speculation by U.S. space officials, who had anticipated a Russian landing attempt simply on the basis of the great lift-off weight of Mars 2 and 3 (about 10,000 lbs. each). If their landers work properly, the Russians will leapfrog ahead of the U.S. by at least four years in the exploration of Mars; NASA does not expect to launch its Viking landers before 1975.

Small Targets. For the time being, however, Mariner 9 was stealing the space show. Even before going into orbit, it took three series of pictures of Mars from distances varying between 535,000 and 70,000 miles, stored the images on tape, and then, on commands from mission control, transmitted them back home (the signals, traveling at the speed of light, took 63 minutes to reach earth). The early images were somewhat disappointing. Because much of Mars is shrouded by a raging dust storm that began last September, only a few features could be picked out. But the scientists were not too concerned. The storm is expected to die down within a few weeks, and if Mariner's systems continue working well, the spacecraft will take some 5,000 pictures over the next three months, mapping at least 70% of the Martian surface and providing an invaluable day-by-day record of its still unexplained changes of color.

Mariner's cameras have another assignment: photographing the tiny Martian moons, Phobos and Deimos. In fact, before last week's rendezvous they managed to catch 19 long shots of the outer moon, Deimos, and two of Phobos. In

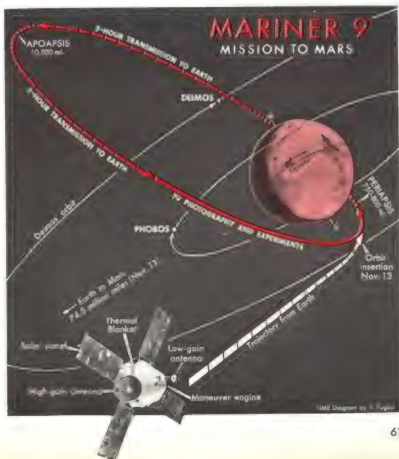
the course of the mission, scientists hope for much closer shots that will actually show surface features of these tiny bodies, which are so small (only a few miles in diameter) that they appear as mere dots in earthbound telescopes. Closeup photographs of Phobos and Deimos (named after the sons of Mars, the Roman god of war) could finally put to rest the imaginative theory of Soviet Astrophysicist I.S. Shklovskii. In an attempt to explain certain peculiarities—now attributed to misinterpretation of data—in the orbit of Phobos, Shklovskii suggested in 1959 that the moonlet might be hollow, possibly a satellite lofted by some long-vanished civilization.

Like Mariner 9, Mars 2 and 3 each contain two TV cameras and sensors to sniff out the composition of the Martian atmosphere and surface. In addition, they are equipped with temperature gauges that can, by measuring natural microwaves from the planet, locate sub-surface hot spots, including volcanoes. Their landers, believed to be a modified version of the Soviet Venera (Venus) capsules, will be released shortly before the mother ships go into orbit. They are probably equipped with parachutes and retrorockets to slow their descent through the thin Martian atmosphere. The landers are also thought to contain sensing gear designed to radio back data

on the composition, temperature, density and pressure of the Martian atmosphere during the few minutes of descent; there is some doubt that the instrumentation can survive what U.S. scientists expect to be a relatively hard landing. In contrast, the U.S. Viking has been designed to settle gently to the surface and to transmit TV pictures and other signals from the Martian surface.

Life Precursors. Although Mariner and the Soviet Mars craft are equipped to measure water, oxygen, temperature and other factors important to the existence of life, prospects for biological activity in the harsh Martian environment are considered extremely dim. In fact, some scientists suggest that Mars may still be in an early stage of planetary evolution, during which such primordial processes as the venting of carbon dioxide and water from the interior are only beginning.

Not all scientists are yet willing to abandon the old dream of life on Mars. Caltech Biochemist Norman Horowitz, for instance, points to recent experiments showing that organic compounds—usually regarded as precursors of life—can be synthesized in a Mars-like environment. If Martian life does indeed exist, it will probably be safe from contamination by microbes carried by the Soviet landers; thermite bombs will be set off inside the capsules after the landings, in an effort to ensure the destruction of any tiny stowaways.



THE PRESS

Revamping the Review

As editor and onetime owner of the *Saturday Review* (circ. 662,000), Norman Cousins was for 31 years the undisputed boss of his profitable, determinedly middle-brow magazine. Cousins, 56, agonized last summer (TIME, July 19) when the *Review* was sold by Norton Simon, Inc., to a pair of young publishing entrepreneurs, Nicolas Charney and John Veronis, who had made a success of *Psychology Today*. Cousins eventually decided that he could get along with the new owners; last week, though, they revealed plans to revamp the *Review* and use it as a springboard to something Cousins may have trouble recognizing, let alone running.

Starting next year, the *Saturday Review*

by FRIEDMAN—200A



"SATURDAY REVIEW'S" VERONIS & CHARNEY
Packaging a cultural conglomerate.

view will become a five-sided magazine enterprise—a weekly and four separate monthlies. The weekly's current special sections will be expanded in size and realigned topically to cover education, the arts, science and "the society." A catch-all description of politics, business and what Charney calls "the system." The new sections will run on a rotating basis in the weekly along with the magazine's usual editorial mix. Each special section will also serve as core for one of the specialized monthlies.

New Name. The weekly will be sold by subscription only, and its title will change from week to week according to the special section it carries—*Saturday Review of Science*, for example, or *Saturday Review of Education*. The monthlies will be sold both by subscription and on newsstands. The editorial budget for the five *Reviews* will be beefed up by \$4,000,000, and some of the magazine's

operations will be moved from Manhattan to San Francisco. Says Charney of the new setup: "We did not get involved with the *Saturday Review* in order to get into a traditional magazine operation." He expects the total number of *Review* subscribers to reach 1,750,000 by the end of next year, and predicts that *Saturday Review Industries*, as the company is now known, will be grossing \$85 million a year by 1976.

New Divisions. The magazines are only part of the new cultural conglomerate Charney and Veronis are putting together. *Saturday Review Industries* already has a consumer division, with a book-publishing branch and the *Saturday Review Book Club*, which enrolled an amazing 11,200 members in its first two weeks.

The periodical division includes not only the *Review* itself and its four planned off-spring, but also the theatrical programs distributed at New York's Lincoln Center and Washington's John F. Kennedy Center. Charney and Veronis have plans for a *Saturday Review* book series (first subject: culture, featuring volumes on ballet, opera, etc.) and *Saturday Review Special Projects*, offering subscribers book and record packages, sculpture, lithographs and, as the super-salesmen say, other "items of high quality offering a particularly good value."

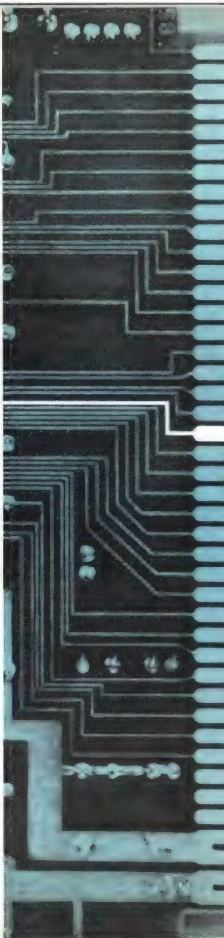
Cousins is free to stay on as editor of S.R.I., but Charney and Veronis are currently seeking an executive editor to serve as what they call his "strong right arm." Cousins sounded last week as though he was undergoing another crisis of conscience: "I've told Nick and John I will stay around as long as I feel I'm genuinely useful—and not one second longer."

From Jailhouse to Journalism

Deadlines are nothing new to newspaper reporters, but for Sidney Cassese of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* they are double trouble. Cassese must not only get his copy in on time but he must also get home no later than 7:30 p.m.—on pain of arrest. Home for him is the Richmond city jail.

Born in Harlem, Cassese, 32, has served eleven years of a 30-year sentence in the Virginia State Penitentiary for armed robbery. When free from menial prison jobs in the bookbinding and pants factory, he nurtured a longtime interest in writing by taking a correspondence course in English literature and teaching himself touch typing. Last spring, because of good behavior and the fact that he is within a year of parole eligibility, Cassese was transferred to the city jail and placed in the state's "work release" program.

Learning the Business. A friend on the outside recommended Cassese to *Times-Dispatch* Publisher David Tennant Bryan, who agreed to give him a



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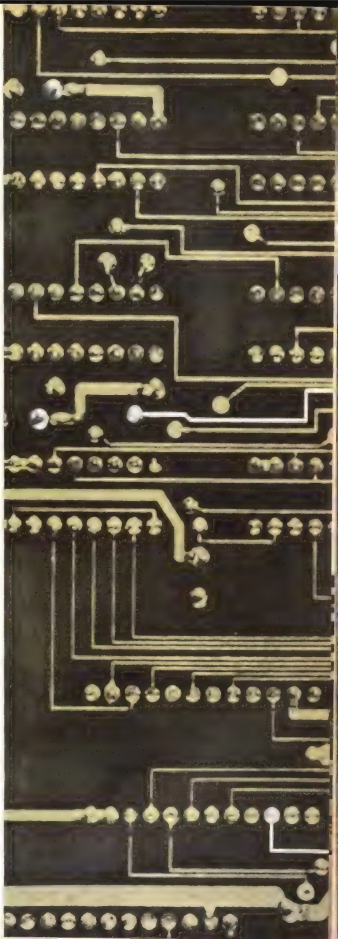
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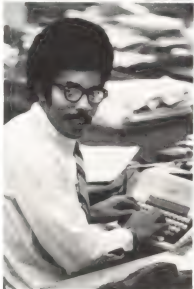
November 8, 1971

trial last month. City Editor Earle Dunford is pleased with Casse's work: "He's still learning the business, but as things stand now, we hope to take him on if the parole works out."

Casse's earns a regular trainee's salary of \$87.50 a week, which is paid directly to the state's department of welfare and institutions for his account. Each morning at 6:30, he dons the mod clothes that he has bought with his newspaper earnings and walks to the *Times-Dispatch* building. There he either works on features and does a rewrite stint or is sent out on stories with a veteran reporter. Normally, the veteran writes for the paper while Casse—like other interns—writes for city desk criticism. But Casse has already had several stories in print, including a byliner on an urban development meeting and a signed movie review of *Black Jesus*.

The paper has had no complaints from

JOHN A. CASSE



REPORTER CASSE

Deadlines are double trouble.

people Casse has interviewed. "They accept me," he says. "If they ask where I was trained for journalism, I say I attended the University of the State Penitentiary. Most people say, 'Glad to know you. I hope things work out well for you.' Nights and weekends, when locked up in jail, Casse does jailhouse denims and spends much of his time reading.

Casse's double deadline pressure builds up each workday evening, and there have been several close calls at the jail. A fellow reporter, Laurence Hilliard, usually drives Casse home in his car. "We roar up to the jail entrance," says Hilliard, "and Sid hits the ground running." Casse is grateful for the ride. "It's a tough neighborhood to walk through at night," he says. "One guy was stuck up on the way back to jail from work release. Isn't that a kick?"

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THE LAW

Is Pressure Legal?

The Three Sisters Bridge—still no more than two piers protruding from the muddy Potomac in Georgetown—was supposed to be part of the federal interstate highway system. But many people in Washington, D.C., including members of the city council and the National Capital Planning Commission feel that the last thing the capital needs is another bridge and its land-consuming approaches. In three years of court battles they have kept the bridge, except for its piers, on the drawing boards.

The project, however, has long been a pet of Representative William Natcher, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee for the District of Columbia. A strong pro-highway man, Natcher has effective veto power over all appropriations for the capital. If the bridge is not completed, he has said many times in public, the city's unfinished 98-mile subway system will remain mere holes in the ground without further congressional funding. The subway is desperately needed, and with Natcher twisting his arm, Transportation Secretary John Volpe gave the go-ahead for the bridge in August 1969.

Treacherous Position. The D.C. Federation of Civic Associations went to court, arguing that Volpe had not complied with a battery of federal requirements that must be met before a federally assisted highway can be built. The federation also protested against Natcher's pressure tactics. Last month it won a major victory before a three-judge panel of the U.S. Appeals Court for the District of Columbia. By a 2-to-1 decision, the court directed that the project be returned to Volpe for restudy.

"Even if the Secretary had taken every formal step required by every applicable statutory provision," Chief Judge David Bazelon declared, "reversal would be required, in my opinion, because extraneous pressure intruded into the calculus of considerations on which [this] decision was based." While avoiding any implication that either Volpe or Natcher had acted in bad faith, Bazelon found that outside influences had put Volpe "in an extremely treacherous position." Though he preferred other grounds for reversal, Judge Charles Fahy

agreed; but the third judge, George MacKinnon, dissented, accusing Judge Bazelon of being "overly suspicious" of "so-called political pressures."

The Transportation Department will probably ask for a rehearing by the full court of appeals or seek review by the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the decision has surely made some committee chairmen who routinely indulge in power plays a little uneasy.

The Sanctity of Robes

Martin Erdmann looks like anything but a rebel lawyer. His hair is close-cut, his collar white and button-down, his tie narrow, his suit old-fashioned. Handling documents with nicotine-stained fingers and chain-smoking Lucky Strikes, Erdmann, 57, could pass for a run-of-the-mill judicial factotum behind his small, cluttered desk in Manhattan's Criminal Courts Building. Actually, Erdmann is an independently wealthy bachelor who has devoted his career to New York City's Legal Aid Society. He directly supervised 50 lawyers and did trial work before a recent switch to administrative duties. After being involved in the defense of tens of thousands of indigent clients over the past 25 years, Erdmann now must defend himself from possible disharment.

The case is significant because it points up the insulation from attack enjoyed by judges, particularly when the criticism comes from those who know the courts best—practicing lawyers. An ordinary citizen can usually say what he will about judges, at least if he is not in front of one. A lawyer, who is technically an officer of the court, can find such criticism dangerous indeed. Erdmann, regarded as one of the best criminal lawyers in the country, is especially well qualified to speak about the shortcomings of criminal justice.

Whores and Madams. Speak he has. In a March 12 Life article, writer James Mills told of Erdmann's great distress with the criminal court system in the U.S. Mills noted that Erdmann's "disrespect for judges . . . is so strong and all-inclusive that it amounts at times to class hatred." Referring to what he considers judges' unprofessional bias, Erdmann was quoted as saying: "There



ERDMANN TALKING TO CLIENTS
A case of the sulks.

are so few trial judges who just judge, who rule on questions of law, and leave guilt or innocence to the jury. And Appellate Division judges aren't any better. They're the whores who became madams." Would he like to be a judge himself? "I would like to, just to see if I could be the kind of judge I think a judge should be. But the only way you can get it is to be in politics or buy it—and I don't even know the going price."

The article, in fact, spent only a few paragraphs on Erdmann's views on the judiciary. Much more space was devoted to a frightening portrayal of the creaky criminal justice system as Erdmann sees it every day. He is not naive about his clients. About 98% of them are guilty, he says, but his duty as their lawyer is to do his best—including bargaining with prosecutors—to get defendants acquitted or secure the lightest possible sentences.

His comments about the judiciary infuriated the justices of New York's Appellate Division, First Department (Manhattan and The Bronx). They petitioned the grievance committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York to consider whether Erdmann had violated those canons of ethics that require lawyers to show respect for the bench. Though the Appellate Division has authority over an attorney's qualifications, initiation of formal disciplinary proceedings is normally left to the Bar Association. After some quiet, inconclusive discussions, the Bar Association decided to do nothing more than give Erdmann a private rebuke.

In an unprecedented move, the First Department decided to go further, overriding the Bar Association and bringing charges under its own authority. The case, decided the justices, would be moved to another geographical depart-

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ment of the Appellate Division, satisfying the technical requirement that the First Department, which lodged the complaint, would not also act as judge. The upshot is that justices of one department of the Appellate Division will be the complainant, while their colleagues from another department serve as judge and jury. Erdmann, of course, had spoken of all Appellate Division justices, not just those of the First Department.

Chilling Effect. The dubious affair came to light only when Erdmann's lawyer, William Leibovitz, together with the American Civil Liberties Union, went to federal district court to argue that the First Department's justices were violating Erdmann's civil rights. Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan said that the issue was out of his jurisdiction, and Erdmann has taken the case to the U.S. court of appeals.

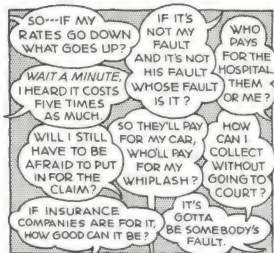
Leibovitz contends in his brief that the incident already has had a "chilling effect" on other lawyers who might criticize the courts. Few attorneys, in fact, would comment publicly on the case, though some have filed affidavits in Erdmann's defense. They may disagree with his salty language, but they object strenuously to the notion that judicial robes entitle their wearers to sanctity.

Two Harvard Law School professors, James Vorenberg and Alan Dershowitz, say in their affidavits that they are considering using Mills' article in their criminal law classes. If the case goes forward, Dershowitz contends, "it will significantly deter important scholarly and journalistic criticism of the judiciary by attorneys." Disciplining Erdmann, says Vorenberg, "would lead students and young lawyers to believe that it is dangerous to speak out on controversial issues."

Former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark contends that the Sixth Amendment guarantee of the right to counsel gives lawyers full freedom to criticize the judiciary: James Shellow of Milwaukee, secretary of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers, asserts that the Erdmann affair "will further support those in the judiciary who feel that they are immune from criticism." Adds Robert H. Levy, a legal aid lawyer: "We all now feel forced to choose between abject silence and loss of our profession. One may, it appears, elect to exercise one's own right of free speech or forsake it in order to continue to protect the rights of one's clients."

There is some evidence that the First Department itself is split on the issue, and that some of the ten justices feel that the court's reputation would be better served if the case were dropped. It is also possible that the proceeding will result in some mild admonition rather than the maximum penalty of disbarment. The irony is that the court acted, ostensibly, to protect its dignity but actually impaired it by seeming to suffer a bad case of the sulks. Whatever happens, Erdmann is likely to emerge either a hero or a martyr—or both.

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BEHAVIOR

Craig's Message

"I'll tell you one thing, Dave, and anybody else who's listening: you can really get messed up on that stuff." The "stuff" was LSD, and the words were spoken into a tape recorder last year by Craig Gardner, a University of Utah honor student, just a few hours before he drove into the Wyoming countryside and shot himself between the eyes. Craig's warning about the hazards of LSD, addressed chiefly to his roommate Dave Bizak, is beginning to reach a far wider audience. It is incorporated into the sound track of a new educational film that shuns the usual dull recital of facts about drugs in favor of a firsthand story about one addict's innermost feelings.

The film, titled . . . *And Anybody*



HONOR STUDENT GARDNER

"I don't know if I'm nuts or what."

Ever Who's Listening, is the work of Producers Maynard Clark and Arthur Miller of Princeton, N.J. They acquired the tape by chance and set out to learn more about Craig by interviewing his relatives and friends. Then they filmed the apartment he had shared with Dave (and where he had begun experimenting with marijuana before moving to LSD). They also worked in some of the Gardner family snapshots and home movies and added some moving comments by Craig's younger sister Gayle.

Craig's own final comment on his life begins with a kind of oral will: "Larry, you can have my shaver. Big deal. Oh brother, this is terrible . . . I give Dave my stereo and tapes." Then he settles his debts: "I got Dick's money on the table, ten bucks that I owe him, and got my settlement with Dave here on the table." Then he tries in vain to explain his imminent suicide:

"Well actually, the real reason is that I really don't know."

All he is sure of is that he should not have taken LSD: "It's bad news; it really is. . . . I think what acid does is it intensifies everything, my feelings about myself. I was screwed up enough without taking acid. Probably just buried me deeper in my hole than I was before I started tripping out."

One feeling magnified by Craig's addiction was his sense of physical inferiority: a bout with polio at age two had left him with a shortened arm. The defect was so slight that most of his friends were not aware of it, and it did not keep him from becoming expert at tennis and skiing. Yet on the tape he said, "I've lived with my physical condition, but I really can't cope with it." In the end he even doubted his sanity: "After you've taken so much of that stuff, you just really don't know where you're at. You don't know if your reasoning is correct. It's hard to distinguish between real and unreal, and you're lost. I really don't know if I'm nuts or what."

To Yosh Kawano of the New Jersey division of narcotic and drug abuse control, Craig's indictment of drugs is an effective form of "feeling communication." Students at Peddie, a Hightstown, N.J., private school where the film was shown, emphatically agree. Says one: "You walk out and the film hasn't ended. That picture really doesn't end for a long time."

Swapping Family Roles

In the age of Women's Liberation, everyone talks about the inflexibility of male and female roles. In Norway, the government is trying to do something about the situation. An official experiment in equality is intended to shatter the stereotypes of mothers as homemakers and fathers as breadwinners. In the hope of making their marriages happier, a few couples are systematically exchanging roles. Each couple holds a single job, with the husband and wife working alternate weeks. Whichever partner stays home does the housework and looks after the children.

The novel venture in role versatility was conceived by the Norwegian Family Council, a state-financed organization that lobbies for legislation aimed at improving family life. After working out plans with the help of University of Oslo Sociologist Erik Gronseth, the council recruited couples willing to participate in the role-swapping experiment. Among those who volunteered was Anne Ipsen Bulko, 30, a descendant of Playwright Henrik Ipsen, one of the pioneers in Women's Liberation.

Correspondence Courses. Anne and her husband Johannes, 35, who have a two-year-old son Olav, share the job of packer in a drug supply firm. "Our

employer doesn't mind at all," says Johannes, "as long as there is always one Bulko signing in in the morning." In fact, it was Johannes who minded at first: "I was scared I would lose my masculinity if I did the housework and changed the baby's nappies. But that soon changed." Anne calls the new arrangement "marvelous," both for herself and for her son, who benefits from seeing more of his father. "He doesn't hang around me all the time as many other kids do around their mothers, and he's not afraid of his father as he might be of a man he saw for just a few hours a day."

Both Bulkos take correspondence courses during their weeks off—Johannes to finish his education in engineering and Anne to get her high school diploma so that she can go to college. Once they have their degrees, they hope to move on to better and probably separate jobs that



JOHANNES, OLVAR & ANNE BULKO
"He's not afraid of his father."

they could share with a similarly trained couple: the two husbands could work at one engineering job while the wives worked in another field. If they find the proper couple, Johannes believes, "I do not think we will mind going on indefinitely sharing our time equally between home and work."

Reduced Income. But there are a few drawbacks. When Johannes was sick for a week, Anne had to stay home to look after both her husband and Olvar. During that time, he got only half of normal sick pay (because he works only half time) and Anne got no pay at all. "The laws will have to be changed if job swapping is going to work on a large scale," Johannes says. Also, because there are few top-level jobs that a couple could share, the family's earning potential is reduced. That bothers Anne not a bit. Says she: "It's more important to live a little."

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MUSIC

Beverly Sills: The Fastest Voice Alive

It was a crisis in the Brooklyn household of Morris Silverman. Ten-year-old Belle had announced that she wanted to become an opera star, "not an opera singer, but a star." Papa was appalled. He had not objected to the piano and singing lessons for little Belle, or "Bubbles," as the family called her. He had not even objected when she sang on the radio with *Uncle Bob Emory's Rainbow House*, and later on the *Major Bowes Capital Family Hour*. After all, this was the era of Shirley Temple.

But a professional singer? That was too much. Papa, the son of a Rumanian Jewish immigrant, had worked his way up during the Depression to become a district assistant manager for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Loving but stern, he was the kind of patriarch who had never even seen the inside of his wife's kitchen. He had never seen the inside of the vocal world either, but he knew what he thought of it. He ruled: "Bubbles is going to college and become a teacher." It was Mama, the one behind the lessons and the radio appearances, who stood fast. "The two boys will go to college and be smart," she said. "This one is going to be an opera singer."

A Late Bloomer

And so it came to pass. The two boys went to college, one to become an obstetrician on Long Island and the other the president of a publishing firm in Indianapolis. And Bubbles? Bubbles did indeed become an opera star, and a smart one at that. She became, in fact, one of the biggest opera stars the U.S. has ever produced. She sang leading roles at the world's great opera houses, from La Scala to Covent Garden to San Francisco, commanded top fees of \$10,000 for concert performances and made recordings that turned into classical bestsellers. She became a \$300,000-a-year, one-woman industry and, at the same time, the finest singing actress since Maria Callas. And because she did so as a thoroughly home-grown talent, she revolutionized the U.S. opera scene. In short, she became Beverly Sills.

The transformation did not happen quickly. Beverly was 37 years old when she broke through to international prominence in a 1966 production of Handel's *Julius Caesar* at the New York City Opera. She was 40 when she achieved La Scala. But, having bloomed late, she is at least blooming the way she does everything else—exuberantly. Her career surges ahead with ever growing momentum. Her itinerary looks like an airline route map, as she crisscrosses the globe to meet this year's schedule of more than 100 operatic, concert and

recital appearances. To friends who urge her to slow down, she shrugs: "I'm already 42: what am I saving it for?"

This month alone, she has already performed a trilogy of operatic queens at the New York City Opera that amply confirms her own regal gifts: Elizabeth I in Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* (see cover), Shemakha in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or* and Cleopatra in *Julius Caesar*. Starting this week she and the New York City Opera will recreate all three during a three-week guest stand in Los Angeles (planned for next spring is a new production by Beverly and the company of another Donizetti queen, *Maria Stuarda*). Early next month, she will give two performances of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in New Orleans, then fly to Israel for a month-long concert tour. After that, her appointment book lists dates as far ahead as 1975.

Has Beverly Sills left Bubbles Silverman behind? Far from it. What might be called the Bubbles dimension in Beverly Sills is the heaven that, added to her enormous talents, makes her the extraordinary personality and professional that she is. It keeps her the least pretentious of prima donnas—earthy, quick-witted, a little bit kooky. It gives her a natural, womanly radiance that suffuses any room or opera house she is in.

vels Tito Capobianco, who has directed most of her successes at City Opera and whom Beverly regards as "her" director. She mugs, sings lying down, and once, in Buenos Aires, even danced the tango with six Argentine stagehands. All in the cause of easing tensions and clearing the way for creative work. "Beverly, was that an F and G in your part?" Conductor Aldo Ceccato once asked during a snarl-up in a recording session. "It could have been a K



IN "JULIUS CAESAR"



IN "MANON"

Moreover, it generates a zest and determination in the face of suffering, and she has known deep suffering. Her generous, open nature is also a vulnerable one; she has had to learn to steel it with stoicism. "People plan and God laughs," she says. But she laughs too—a billowing, unfolding laugh that is all the more warming because it is born not of frivolity but of grit.

Beverly habitually arrives at rehearsals with her part fully memorized, her score shut and her mind open. "I can ask her to try anything onstage," mur-

and L. the way I sang it," she replied. When she is not singing, she is talking. Speech, no less than song, pours out of her with the impetus of a natural force—gossip and insights, shopping lists and philosophy, sly jokes and probing questions. Once, her physician told her that she needed a tetanus shot. "What will happen if I don't take it?" she asked. "You might not be able to talk for a few days," he said. "Quick," she cried, "give me the shot!"

Never one for warming up before performances ("I don't want to leave the



SILLS IN "LUCIA"



IN HANDEL'S "ARIODANTE"

IN "COQ D'OR"



best part of me back in the dressing room"). Beverly has no fussy regimen for protecting her voice. The mere sight of her casually munching an apple between entrances would be enough to give most sopranos throat constriction for days. Stage fright is unknown to her: well-wishers, including many young people, throng her dressing room before as well as after a performance, and a relaxed Beverly makes small talk and long-distance phone calls right up until curtain time. "She has a completely unusual degree of security and professionalism," says Conductor Erich Leinsdorf.

Where this really shows up is in her ability to cope when things go wrong onstage. Last month, while singing under the baton of City Opera Director Julius Rudel, she inadvertently skipped a few bars and hit a high A too soon. "I held up my hand, and she knew immediately what the problem was," recalls

atrical ring. By now, Beverly knew where she was going: ahead of her was an apprenticeship given to few singers of any kind, much less to opera singers. Primped up in big bows and crisp pink dresses by Mama (who periodically brewed her own reddener for Bubbles' auburn locks and brushed it in with a toothbrush), she set off to sing on the radio, at ladies' luncheons and bar mitzvahs.

At 16, billed as "the youngest prima donna in captivity," she joined the touring I.J. Shubert opera company, starring in Gilbert and Sullivan the first season and in *The Merry Widow* and *The Countess Maritza* the second. More dubious engagements followed on the horscht circuit and at a private after-hours club in Manhattan, where she wheeled a piano around the room and performed light classics for tips that sometimes totaled \$150 a night. In response to Papa's pleas that she at least devote herself to grand opera, she signed with the Charles Wagner Opera Co., a provincial touring unit. Opera it was; grand it definitely was not. Beverly soon was riding up to 300 miles between dates in a rickety bus, acquiring stiff joints, bags under the eyes—and a pot of poker winnings. "I once sang 63 consecutive Micaelas in one-night stands of *Carmen*," she recalls. "I will never sing Micaela again, for anyone, anywhere."

Success Without the Met

Finally, in 1953, at the age of 24, she made her big-time debut with the San Francisco Opera, singing the secondary female role in Boito's *Mefistofele*. By that time Papa had died, but Mama was there, having flown out and taken a hotel room with a kitchenette so that she could cook Beverly's dinner before each performance. Two years later, after seven unsuccessful auditions, Beverly finally joined the New York City Opera, beginning the stint as a highly regarded utility singer that eventually led to her emergence in 1966. Conspicuously missing from the Sills dossier, then as now, was the name of the Metropolitan Opera. "I happened in a different way from Caruso, or Price, or any of the others," says Beverly. "I made it without the Met. I am a revolution."

The revolution she started has shifted the balance of U.S. operatic power somewhat away from the Met toward the smaller companies that shared in her development. It has also paved the way for future young American singers to build a career on native grounds without resorting to the borrowed prestige of Europe or the Met. Norman Treigle, the superb bass baritone who rose with Beverly in the New York City Opera, says, "Both of us were busting our cans in the beginning. We made a sort of pact that we were going to show what the American singer could do."

What Beverly has shown since 1966 is that an American singer can take up

Rudel. "So she held the note until I lowered my hand eight bars later. To make anything clear to her, a finger, an eyebrow, is enough."

Even Beverly has her breaking point, however. Once, at a rehearsal in Manhattan, a conductor reprimanded her: "Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking to somebody else," Beverly said. "I'll go you one better. I won't sing when you're conducting," and stomped offstage. During the preparations for her La Scala appearance, she climaxed an argument with the wardrobe mistress by snatching a pair of scissors and snipping a costume into pieces. The on-looking cast and chorus burst into applause, an Italian tribute to a flare of real temperament.

Beverly is proud of her musicianship, partly because it is hard-earned. "I'm very good," she says unself-consciously. "When you do something for 30 years you get pretty proficient at it." Those 30 years go all the way back to a now famous singing radio commercial: "Rinso White, Rinso Bright, happy little wash-day song." That was Bubbles—or rather the young Beverly Sills, a stage name that was suggested by an agent for its the-



SILLS REHEARSING WITH RUDEL



COMMUNING WITH CAPOBIANCO
She'll try anything.

where Maria Callas left off. Callas, now virtually retired, had a soaring, flexible voice that projected a matchless dramatic intensity. In the 1950s, among other roles, she almost singlehandedly revived the ornate bel canto repertory of Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini. (Bel canto, literally "beautiful singing," more properly applies to the whole vocal art of making the fiendishly difficult sound easy.) It is this repertory that Beverly and her chief coloratura rival, Joan Sutherland (see box, page 81), have since then mastered. Beverly comes by the bel canto tradition not only through her admiration for Callas, but through years of study with the late Estelle Liebling. Miss Liebling was, professionally speaking, a direct descendant of the 19th century's Mathilde Marchesi, the influential voice teacher of such fabled bel canto sopranos as Nellie Melba and Emma Eames.

The Sills voice is a rich, supple flute: it is precise, a little light, and floats with ease in the stratosphere above

high C. More than anything, it is agile. "The unique thing about Beverly's voice is that she can move it faster than anybody else alive," says Conductor Thomas Schippers. Soprano Leontyne Price is "flabbergasted at how many millions of things she can do with a written scale."

Desperate Need for an Audience

Beverly does not have the powerful top notes for roles like Tosca or Cio-Cio-San in *Madama Butterfly*, and particularly not for Wagnerian roles like Brünnhilde in *Götterdämmerung*. But she is ideally suited to bel canto, and to the French lyric romanticism of Gounod and Massenet. In these areas she is unbeatable, and even among the diverse other sopranos in this age of great sopranos—Birgit Nilsson, Sutherland, Price, Marilyn Horne, Monverrat Caballé—she more than holds her own.

There is more to an opera performance than voice, of course. Beverly rightly describes herself as a singing actress, with equal stress on each word. That is why her live performances will always be more exciting than her recordings, successful as those recordings may be (the recent four-LP set of Massenet's *Manon* has sold 25,000 copies in a market where sales of 10,000 for a single LP are considered substantial). "I'm a visual performer," she says. "I have to act, use facial expressions, get mood changes across. It's hard to share any of this with a microphone. I need an audience desperately."

While preparing a performance of Bellini's *Norma* for Sarah Caldwell's Boston Opera last spring, Beverly worked especially hard on ways to indicate that Norma suffers from epileptic seizures. When she made her entrance in rehearsal, reports Miss Caldwell, "she did such a convincing job that several stagehands rushed out to help her up, thinking she was ill."

Acting as compelling as that comes partly from shrewd instinct, partly from careful planning. Beverly, whose IQ is 155, reads voluminously into the backgrounds of her roles and thinks them through imaginatively. Behind her pigeon-toed bumpkin in the first act of *Manon*, for example, lies this Sills analysis: "She was born with a good bosom and a shock of unusual-colored hair, whatever the color. She probably has gone barefoot all week except Sundays. Mama has probably caught her in the hayloft with one of the farm hands and decided that this kid is too much for her to handle. So she sends her to the convent."

Dual Tragedy

Beverly is also quick to sense which roles are unsuitable for her. Of the Queen of the Night in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, she says: "I threw out that broad very quickly. I realized she wasn't for me when I found I could address 250 Christmas cards in my dressing room between her first act aria and her second act aria."

For Roberto Devereux, Beverly's researches convinced her that at the time of the opera's action, Elizabeth I would have been a much older woman than is usually portrayed. Appearing at rehearsal one day made up as a 60-year-old, Beverly persuaded the company that she was right—including Director Capobianco. Onstage, that makeup lends a harsh poignance to the climactic moment when Elizabeth, her voice dry and pinched, sentences her recalcitrant lover Essex to death.

Beverly's acting did not always have such bite, such depth. Where did it come from? Age and experience can account for some of it, but not all. To explain it, many of her friends go back to a story that began in Cleveland in 1955. Beverly was making her first tour with the New York City Opera. She met Peter B. Greenough, a tall, burly Boston Brahmin who was financial editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, a paper partly owned by his family. Peter could do nothing right, or so it seemed. First he winked at her. "My God," thought Beverly, "that's not a very novel approach." Next he sent her a mash note on the inside of a matchbook cover. Then, dining her in his 25-room house on Lake Erie, he lit a fire but forgot to open the chimney flue: the smoke routed them both, coughing and wheezing. "Mama," reported Beverly when she got home, "I think I've met a man I finally can marry."

There were complications: Peter was still in the process of divorcing his first wife, by whom he had three daughters, one mentally retarded. "Also," said Beverly, saving the worst for last, "he's not Jewish." Mama wept and cried out: "Why does everything have to happen to you?" But soon Peter, who is descended from John Alden on both sides of his family, was plying Mama with books, flowers and Yiddishisms—"A



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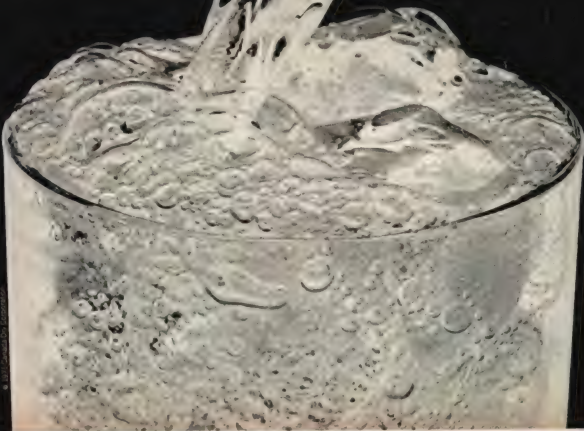
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BUBBLES WITH MAJOR BOWES
Mama knew best.

toast to MGM, *meine ganze Mischpochel* [all my family]. In 1956 the couple were married in Estelle Liebling's living room, standing on the same spot on the rug where Bubbles had stood for so many vocal lessons.

Their daughter Meredith ("Muffy") was born three years later, and Beverly eagerly curtailed her operatic schedule to spend more time at home. Within a year, she and Peter began to suspect what was confirmed just before Muffy's second birthday: the child was almost totally deaf. In a piece of Sophoclean irony, Muffy would never hear the sound of her mother's singing.

At almost the same time, Peter and Beverly had a son, Peter Jr. ("Bucky"), who they learned was mentally retarded. Beverly took off a full year from performing to work with Muffy in a school for the deaf and try to come to terms with her dual tragedy. "The first question you ask," she says, "is a self-pitying 'Why me?' Then it changes to a much bigger 'Why them?' It makes a whole difference in your attitude."

The Joy of Performance

From New York, Julius Rudel tried to coax Beverly back to work with chaty "Dear Bubbela" letters. Finally he wrote more formally, pointing out that she still had a contract. "I told her to go back," says Peter. "I said it would be good therapy." Reluctantly, Beverly complied. Muffy was making progress anyway, learning to lip-read and talk. Bucky, however, was a hopeless case. When he was six, Beverly made the excruciating decision to put him in the same institution in Massachusetts where Peter's retarded daughter was already lodged. On the same day, she sang all three heroines in Puccini's trio of

Sutherland: A Separate Greatness

BESIDES Beverly Sills, the other leading heiress to Maria Callas' artistic legacy is the Australian coloratura soprano Joan Sutherland. Sutherland, 45, sings many of the same roles as Sills and, like Sills, was a late bloomer—she burst onto the international scene with a *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Covent Garden in 1959. Otherwise the two are a study in contrasts: separate conjugations of greatness. Each has her passionate following. Ask a Sutherland admirer about Sills' voice and he might say, "Pretty, but thin." Ask a Sillsian about Sutherland and he might retort, "Beautiful, but boring." Still, all would probably agree with Conductor Thomas Schippers that "we haven't had the luxury of comparing two such singers for 50 years."

Sutherland began by thinking of herself as a dramatic soprano. She feared high notes until her husband, Conductor Richard Bonyne, tricked her into extending her upper voice by playing her music in higher keys. Originally bright and youthful-sounding, her voice darkened as she transformed herself into a coloratura. There is a suggestion of Callas' famous middle register in Sutherland's vocal center—a tone that sounds as if the singer were singing into the neck of a resonant bottle.

Today the Sutherland voice towers like a natural wonder, unique as Niagara or Mount Everest. Sills' voice is made of more ordinary stuff; what she shares with Callas is an abandon in hurling herself into fiery emotional music and a willingness to sacrifice vocal beauty for dramatic effect. Sutherland deals in vocal velvet. Sills in emotional dynamite. Sutherland's voice is much larger, but its plush monochrome robs it of carrying power in dramatic moments. Sills' multicolored voice, though smaller, projects better and has a cutting edge that can slice through the largest orchestra and chorus. Sometimes, indeed, it verges on shrillness.

On the coloratura high wire, both singers emerge as phenomenal. Each has staggering facility in florid runs, trills, leaps and arpeggios. Both have been accused of overdecorating their music, though each plans embellishments so tastefully and executes them so brilliantly that only stringent purists object.

In slow, legato music, Sills has a superior sense of rhythm and clean attack to keep things moving; Sutherland's more flaccid beat and her style of gliding from note to note often turn song into somnolence. Sills' diction in English, French and

Italian is superb; Sutherland's vocal placement produces mushy diction in any language, but makes possible an even more seamless beauty of tone than is available to Sills.

Sills is both a born actress and a highly developed one; her keen awareness of what every move looks like from the auditorium enables her to capitalize on even her shortcomings (which include a tall and outsize frame). Swinging her generous hips through an Oriental dance in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or*, she even looks sexy in a Mae West sort of way. Sutherland (with an equally tall and outsize frame) has worked hard to make herself into an acceptable actress, but her stage temperament is essentially a stolid one. Usually she gets her best effects by wearing flowing capes and tunics and standing magisterially still whenever she can.

In private, Sutherland is a mother (of a teen-age son) and a woman with a boisterous sense of humor. Less competitive than Sills, and hindered by a history of back ailments, she ranges out from her home in Switzerland on a schedule of engagements that is merely busy, not frenetic. Her career is directed, her voice guided, and many of her performances conducted by her husband.

On a concert stage, Sutherland appears imposing and grandiose, like a friendly monarch. Sills strides onto a stage hobbling her head and grinning, like an elegant shepherdess. Where Sutherland sails into a fast aria with grand nonchalance, Sills is likely to bounce up and down with infectious self-enjoyment. Sutherland usually finishes with a smile and a regal bow. Sills with a somewhat defiant toss of her head as if to say: "There! Top that!" So far, nobody has been able to top either of them.

SOPRANO SUTHERLAND





AT HOME WITH PETER



WITH MAMA



KISSING MUFFY
Moments of piercing sadness.

one-act operas, *Il Trittico*, at the City Opera. Says Director Frank Corsaro: "It was the only hysterical performance I have ever seen her give." Since then, says Rudel, "she has matured so greatly. While basically she has not changed, she has become much more profound. And yet, you always feel the joy of the performance."

The joy is always there with Beverly, whether of the performance or of some ordinary daily activity. "Hang-ups don't exist for my sister," says Brother Stanley, the publisher. "If there is a hang-up, she'll solve it. That's the key to her." Today Beverly and Peter, who long ago gave up formalism to help with her career, have virtually resumed the normal, amiable chaos of their early life together. They have a nine-room apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park ("Isaac Stern always says he lives on top of Beverly Sills, because he's on a floor above us"). There they entertain (Peter is a graduate of the Cordon Bleu cooking school), play bridge (Peter is a tournament champion) or just relax (Beverly can do a crossword puzzle in 20 minutes, in ink).

If their relationship has been strained

by the something that, in Beverly's words, "is basically troubled between us genetically," they do not show it. They still have their private jokes and rituals, such as when Peter kisses Beverly's cheek before she goes onstage and they both whisper their favorite good-luck word: "Merde." Beverly has learned to live with the occasional insinuations that Peter's wealth has floated her career. Once a music publication reported that Peter had bought Westminster Records so that Beverly could record anything she wanted. "I wrote a letter to the editor," she says, "and said it wasn't Westminster Records he bought, it was Westminster Abbey."

Sometimes, says Beverly, "you try to be all things to all people. Well, a great tragedy in your life makes you decide it's not so necessary to please everybody. Now I can afford to be selfish." An example of what she means by selfishness is deliberately raising her fees so high that, in some cases, engagements will fall through, leaving her free to be with her family.

Work to Be Done

At home, she and Peter try to bolster Muffy's self-confidence by sending her on errands to buy hard-to-pronounce items like toasted-almond ice cream. Beverly once arranged for Muffy to be in a procession of candle bearers during the death scene in *Lucia*. As Beverly lay "dead" in the scene, she found that her view was blocked by Raimondo, the chaplain. She stage-whispered, "Raimondo! Move your ass! I can't see Muffy!"

There are still moments of piercing sadness. Such as when one of Beverly's recordings is on the phonograph, and Muffy puts her fingertips to the speaker to "feel" the sound. Or when Beverly grows uncharacteristically abstracted, her eyes straining as the brightness fades from her face. Then, as those around her know, she is probably think-

ing ahead to one of the monthly visits she and Peter make to Bucky (whenever she travels she wears two ring watches, one set to local time, the other to eastern time, so that she can think what Bucky is doing at any given hour). But such moments are over quickly, because Beverly shakes them off firmly: there is work to be done.

Loyalty to Past and Future

Work indeed is something of an escape from those moments, and this may be one reason why Beverly drives herself so unrelentingly in her career. For her, performing is not only a fulfillment of her aspirations to artistic excellence, not only an outlet for her avidly competitive desire to come out on top, but also a habit. Tito Capobianco has always been struck by the way she actually seems to yearn for the stage. Mama knows why. "When Beverly gets onstage," she says, "all her worries are behind her."

Göran Gentele, who will succeed Rudolf Bing next year as general manager of the Met, recently took Beverly to lunch to discuss the possibility of her singing with the Met in the seasons ahead. It must be a tempting offer for someone who may not have all that many years of singing left. But, says Beverly, "I'll be delighted to be a guest at the Metropolitan, but just that, just a guest."

She is fiercely loyal to the New York City Opera, as she is to all the people who gave her support when she needed it. Two years ago, Beverly was approached with flattering offers by a top-ranking New York manager—the same manager who, a decade earlier, had kept her cooling her heels in his outer office for 24 hours before telling her he could not use her. Now Beverly cut him off with one clean stroke. "I'm not interested in working with anybody," she said, "who keeps a singer waiting 24 hours."

Loyalty is a cardinal virtue with Beverly. Nowhere does she show it more strongly than with her family, particularly with Mama. When she made her debut at La Scala, long a dream of hers and Mama's, she wrote a postcard home that said: "We made it. Mom. You and I." There, in seven words, is the whole story of their remarkable bond.

All of Beverly's recent experience—her return to work, her resumption of life—amounts to a kind of loyalty not only to her future but also to her past. She disavows nothing and rejects nothing, despite the pain it may have brought. That, after all, is Beverly's way of keeping faith with Bubbles. "You know, there's a big difference between being a happy woman and a cheerful woman," she explains. "A happy woman doesn't have any cares at all. A cheerful woman might have loads of cares, but she goes on in spite of it all. Happy I'll never be, but I'm as cheerful as I can be."

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ENVIRONMENT

Autopsy on Cannikin

In the aftermath of the explosion of a Spartan warhead a mile below the surface of Amchitka Island, the world's environmentalists waited anxiously for the postoperative reports on what was surely one of the greatest shocks man had ever inflicted on his supportive earth. There were no earthquakes, no tidal waves. To date, it has been a case of no news being good news.

The initial shock did cause numerous cliff falls and rock slides along Amchitka's shoreline. A flurry of barely noticeable tremors followed as the tormented earth adjusted itself around the 800-ft.-wide subterranean cavity created by the blast; 38 hours later, there was a last convulsive shudder as the cavity collapsed. But the danger of radioactive releases was apparently past. The radioactive material is virtually sealed in place by rock compacted by the pressure of the monster explosion.

Can underground water seep out of the radioactive blast area? Not for several thousand years, says Dr. James Carothers, and AEC's scientific adviser on the island. As to Cannikin's effect on wildlife, the body count so far includes two sea otters, two seals, 13 birds of various species and an undetermined number of fish. In addition, one peregrine falcon nest and three eagle nests—all unoccupied—were destroyed when the ground heaved around them.

All in all, the AEC believes that things went so well that it is now cautiously weighing the pros and cons of a few nuclear shocks to loosen (for commercial use) natural gas deposits some 5,000 ft. to 7,000 ft. under Colorado and Wyoming.

Who's for DDT?

Dr. Norman E. Borlaug is a onetime Iowa farm boy who probably knows as much about growing food as anyone else in the world. He won the 1970 Nobel Peace Prize for his contribution to the development of "miracle" high-yield strains of wheat, which produced up to four bushels where only one bushel had grown before, and which have helped make India, West Pakistan and Mexico nearly self-sufficient for their cereal supply.

Last week Dr. Borlaug gave the keynote speech at a meeting of the U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization in Rome. To the bemusement of the assembled notables, he violently attacked "the current vicious, hysterical campaign against the use of agricultural chemicals being promoted today by fear-provoking, irresponsible environmentalists." Today's greatest danger, Borlaug pointed out, is the pressure put on food supplies by the world's rapidly growing population. Fully 50% of mankind is undernourished, perhaps another 15% is

malnourished. To make matters worse, the soil in many developing nations is worn out, and crops are ravaged by ravenous insects. The need for chemical fertilizers and pesticides is not only clear, Borlaug said, but imperative.

In stark contrast, he continued, "the so-called environmentalist movement" is endemic to rich nations, where the most rabid crusaders tend to be well-fed urbanites who sample the delights of nature on weekend outings. Borlaug feels that campaigns to ban agricultural chemicals—starting with DDT—reveal a callous misordering of social priorities. If such bans become law, he warned, "then the world will be doomed not by chemical poisoning but by starvation."

Borlaug has a point. The probable hazards of DDT poisoning are a proper matter of concern for a society like the U.S., which is so well fed that many



BORLAUG ON HIS MEXICAN WHEAT FARM
A question of priorities.

of its people spend much of their time dieting. But peoples on the borderline of starvation are more interested in simply getting enough to eat, and the possibility of getting poisoned by accumulated DDT is the least of their worries.

Nonetheless, many U.S. environmentalists remain skeptical about the Green Revolution precisely because it depends so heavily on agricultural chemicals. Those chemicals boost harvests, but they also have unpredictable side effects that may not show up for years. In recent Philippine experience with new strains of rice, for example, farmers were delighted to reap bumper crops. But so many chemicals were needed that the fish in the paddies and nearby waterways died. Result: more rice but less protein in the local diet—a net loss in food values.

S.M.E.I.L.S. v. Smells

Trees shade the streets, there are barbecue pits in the backyards, grassy hills sweep close to the town. In short, Hartford, Wis., would seem to be a pleasant place in which to live. Unfortunately, it has one dreadful drawback. Come late summer, the place stinks.

The stink is more than just nose-wrinkling. It is bad enough to make some people retch in the street. Outdoor parties are canceled, and people retreat to their houses, shutting the windows and turning on the air conditioners.

Offensive odors are the most difficult to control of all environmental plagues. They can be overpowered with a deodorant or a perfume—a tactic that is difficult to apply to an entire town. Or they can be eliminated completely, something that can rarely be done without eliminating the source. To make matters worse, it is difficult to legislate against bad smells because no objective standards can be formulated.

The source of Hartford's stench is two lagoons to the west of the town. They were bulldozed out by Libby, McNeill & Libby, when the company found that the discharge from its big beet-processing plant at Hartford was polluting the local creek. The idea was that the two lagoons would serve as a cesspool area, where wastage could be aerated and treated until it was pollution-free.

Pig Manure. Despite treatment, the Libby wastes lying stagnant in the lagoons often smell like rotten meat. In the words of one irate citizen, the odor is reminiscent of "pig manure." Even so, the smells are seasonal, and (to most people) bearable. But last summer's wet weather produced an unusually large beet crop—and the worst smells ever. Fed up, 100 townspeople have now formed S.M.E.I.L.S. (Someone Must Eliminate Libby Lagoon Smells).

They do not have total support. The city council voted in September to halt lagoon operations if it were found that Libby could not control odors. But the mayor, realizing that Libby's 300 jobs are a major source of Hartford's income, vetoed the council's action. So now S.M.E.I.L.S. has taken its case directly to the state's two U.S. Senators and to the state department of natural resources.

Libby, meanwhile, is doing its best to snuff out the odor. It has used ammonium nitrate and other chemicals in attempts to neutralize the gases that cause the offensive beet smell. Enzymes and aerators have been put to work to help reduce the anaerobic bacteria that produce the gas. Still, the smells persist. Moans Libby Plant Manager Kenneth Schessler: "We get blamed even when there's three feet of ice on the lagoons."

Schessler and other townsmen may soon be able to breathe easier. City fathers have requested a federal grant to help build a new sewage treatment plant. If they get it, water from the lagoons will be pumped daily into the plant in the hope of eliminating the smell.

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MILESTONES

Died. Charlie Manna, 51, aspiring opera singer turned comedy headliner: of cancer; in Manhattan. Adept at stand-up slapstick, Manna scored in nightclubs and on television after the release of his 1961 comedy album *Manna Overboard*. His routine about the astronaut who refuses to be launched into space until his crayons are found and his imitation of Gabby Hayes singing *Return to Sorrento* were classics of their kind.

Died. Walter Van Tilburg Clark, 62, author of cerebral western fiction: of cancer; in Reno. Clark was teaching high school English in Cazenovia, N.Y., in 1940 when he published his tour de force novel *The Ox-Bow Incident*, which described in Dostoevskian detail the behavior of an Old West lynch mob. In his next two books, *The City of Trembling Leaves* (1945) and *The Track of the Cat* (1949), Clark continued to "personalize the land and put the human tragedy back into its natural setting." Since 1962 he had been writer in residence at the University of Nevada.

Died. Joseph C. Foster, 67, the man behind the Foster Grants for three decades: in Manhattan. Foster Grant Co. was a modest family firm specializing in novelty items when Joe Foster succeeded his father as president in 1943. A zealous expansionist, young Foster transformed the company into a major manufacturer of chemical products and the world's largest maker of sunglasses.

Died. Sir Alan P. Herbert, 81, British humorist, author of some 60 books and 17 musicals, and a crusader for social reform: of a stroke; in London. Admitted to the bar in 1918, A.P.H. preferred a jester's cap to a barrister's wig. Largely because of his verse and essays in *Punch*, he was often called the wittiest man of his time. On British imperialism, he once mused:

*We picked up islands as we wandered round,
As gentle tramps find pennies on the ground.*

His best-known books were *Holy Deadlock* and a series called *Misleading Cases*. A Member of Parliament representing Oxford University between 1935 and 1950, Sir Alan was responsible for the first major reform of Britain's stringent divorce laws since 1857.

Died. Marjorie Hillis Roulston, 82, the longtime *Vogue* editor who glorified spinsterhood in her 1936 bestseller, *Live Alone and Like It*: of a stroke; in Manhattan. Before her marriage to New York Grocery Chain-Store Tycoon Thomas Roulston in 1939, Miss Hillis exhorted bachelor girls to "be a Communist, be a stamp collector, or a Ladies' Aid worker, if you must, but for heaven's sake be something!"

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The Insider

Edouard Vuillard was not a simple painter, and his subtle, qualified vision endeared him to some of the most complex minds in France. "Too fastidious for plain statement, he proceeds by insinuation," André Gide wrote of him in 1905. "There is nothing sentimental or highfalutin about the discreet melancholy which pervades his work. Its dress is that of everyday. It is tender and caressing, and if it were not for the mastery that already marks it, I should call it timid. For all his success, I can sense in Vuillard the charm of anxiety and doubt."

Perhaps no good artist is wholly for-

bity. He was forever conscious of being one of an elite, thanks partly to his education at the Lycée Concordet, one of the most demanding schools in Paris. "I think I am pretty safe in saying," wrote a friend, "that from his adolescence, every day of Vuillard's life has presented itself to him in the rainbow light of a moral predicament. . . . Vuillard takes everything to heart." One might not infer that from Vuillard's subject matter, which conjures an intimate world of material satisfactions; the Third Republic interiors, with their mottled wallpaper and yellow light glowing thickly on well-stuffed chairs; the clutter of books, statuettes, lamps, dishes, forks; the poetry of possession. One of his por-

sions buried below the point of visibility." He could paint the pauses and solicitous hesitations in polite conversation as neatly as Oscar Wilde could write them.

By the academic standards of its time, the figure of *Annette on the Beach at Villerville* (1910) is a botch—drawn as though made of string and plasticine, the skirt rendered in weird and only semilegitimate notations of white paint. Yet Vuillard caught with tender and ironic precision the way that people actually stand when they are not observed—along with the scoured blue of the Atlantic sky and the distant, promenading couples. It is like an amateur snapshot. Vuillard was, in fact, one of the first artists to use a Kodak systematically. It was his habit to set up his camera and focus it while talking to friends, and startle them with a cry of "One moment, please!" and a click. Much of the angling and perspective in Vuillard's rooms seems to correspond to the distortions of an old-fashioned lens. His pictures are full of forms, gestures and profiles that get trimmed by the frame, as a photo is trimmed by its rectangular format—life scanned and sliced. In this, as in his sense of the theatrics of the commonplace, Vuillard was the natural heir of Degas.

Something Personal. There was a lot of impressionism in Vuillard, for he enjoyed what the older painters liked; the panoply of color in a new-minted atmosphere. But pattern was the core of his work, most dramatically in the 1890s, when he produced a run of paintings, including some remarkable self-portrait studies, that anticipated the later Matisse in their schematization of form. But he remained stubbornly unaffiliated; even within the Symbolist group he was somewhat an outsider to the letter of their theory since, among other points of difference, he thought Gauguin's pictures "pedantic." Vuillard never allowed method to diminish sensation. "I do not belong to any school," he declared at 23. "I simply want to do something that is personal to myself." Six years later he described how "I never, in any context, think of my actions in terms of quality. Remember what I'm like and how shy I am. If I am lucky enough to get down to work at all, it's because I have an idea that I believe in. . . . I take it for granted that it has merit of some kind."

It did; from the broadly patterned interiors, still lifes and self-portraits of the early '90s, with their jewel color, through the series of big decorative murals that he painted on commission. "Decorative" was no insult to Vuillard. He thought decoration one of the higher functions of art, and he was right. Even in the stubbornly worked-out compositions of his later years, Vuillard described microcosms we can still enter—hospitable and mischievous, articulate in every detail, a long triumph of sensuous integration.

■ Robert Hughes



VUILLARD'S "FAMILY IN THE DRAWING ROOM AT LA MONTAGNE" (ca. 1902)
Snapshots of pauses.

gotten, but partial eclipses happen all the time. One shadowed Vuillard, who, between his birth in 1868 and his death in 1940, became one of the most respected names in French art. The respect, however, turned into the kind that tails off into a cough and a pause. No doubt Vuillard's own modesty contributed to the situation; thus between 1912 and 1938, the years when the big reputations were consolidating, he never had a one-man show in Paris. So it happened that Vuillard was tagged as a "minor master" and left in the waiting room of history. The needed reassessment has now begun with a magnificent Vuillard retrospective organized by English critic John Russell for the National Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto (later it will travel to the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco and the Art Institute of Chicago).

Pretty Safe. Vuillard's background was Catholic and his upbringing strict. The son of an army officer turned provincial tax collector, Vuillard seems always to have been the soul of pro-

trait subjects is said to have told her maid to hide the cold cream, because "M. Vuillard never leaves anything out." She was, in a sense, wrong: Vuillard's eye for the telling shape was methodically acute. A domestic interior like *Muriel Mellot: The Garden Gate* (1910) seems the product of quite casual observation. Scrutinized, it becomes as composed as architecture in every detail—even down to the assonances between the checkered glass panes in the doors and the pattern of the matting, or the placement of the white dog. Vuillard had an exquisite, wry sense of the moment—the quirky gesture, the sudden giggle, the whole dictionary of body language.

Buried Tension. For this reason, theater delighted him. Not the heroics of Shakespeare or Racine, but the work of the new playwrights of the '90s like Ibsen and Maeterlinck, for which Vuillard designed sets at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre in Paris. Russell notes that Vuillard's interiors tend to possess "precisely the elements which Maeterlinck called for: the silence, the half-light, the ten-




Vuillard: Neglected Poet
of the Commonplace

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AT VILLERVILLE" (1910-11)

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THE THEATER

Cliff Dwellers' Purgatory

New Yorkers are disaster-prone, and they rather relish it. Muggings, burglaries, strikes and technological failures of all kinds form part of the daily news fare. A New Yorker would count the day lost if he could not regale an out-of-towner, or a friend, or himself, with some vivid tale of megalopolitan woe. The past master of this urban gallows humor is Neil Simon, and in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* he has written his finest play since *The Odd Couple*.

As always with Simon, this is a situation comedy. Mel (Peter Falk) is a 47-year-old Manhattan executive. His corporate ship is sailing the rough seas of red ink, and members of the staff are

fully convey the quinine-flavored humor of the evening. Simon creates an atmosphere of casual cataclysm, an everyday urban purgatory of copelousness from which laughter seems to be released like vapor escaping from the city's manholes.

The setting sets the mood. Richard Sylbert has devised a marvelous high-rise apartment in full view of—what else?—another high-rise. The rent is just as steep, but the fixtures are gimerack, the partitions are parchment, and the terrace looks like a handy suicide perch. The acoustics are superb. Says a sleepless Mel: "Two-thirty in the morning. I can hear the subway in here better than I can hear it in the subway."

Righteous Lord. A line like that never sounds like a howler on paper, but in the theater it brings the house to a roar. Which is a tribute to the palpable miracles of timing and inflection that a director like Mike Nichols and an actor like Peter Falk can produce out of their sheer unflinching professionalism. Falk is perfectly cast. He has just the right sag to the shoulders and a face that a mirror would wince at in the morning. Lee Grant is tart, perky and warmly sympathetic. Vincent Gardenia is a pillar of righteous lard and quivers hysterically when he thinks of all the love that was denied him and lavished upon Mel when they were boys.

By putting some fun about Fun City into Fun City, Neil Simon lavishes love on all of the harried cliff dwellers.

★T.E. Kalem



FALK & GRANT IN "PRISONER"
Rough seas of red ink.

being thrown overboard. In Act I, Mel has reached the fingernail-nibbling stage. Will he go next? Equally worried colleagues arrive at the office shortly after daybreak: "They're afraid if you get there late," Mel explains, "they'll sell your desk."

Visiting Locusts. In Act II, Mel has not only been fired, but his unanticipated severance pay is a nervous breakdown. His wife Edna (Lee Grant) goes to work, and that bruises his pride further. His psychoanalyst has died, taking \$23,000 of Mel's money with him. He has a visitation of locusts—his two sisters, a sister-in-law and his older brother Harry (Vincent Gardenia)—who tell him that the family is determined to provide "X-number of dollars" to assist him. The attempt to agree on what X-number of dollars is in cash supplies the evening with one of its comic apexes.

By itself, that modest plot cannot

Ozzie and the mother Harriet, which is a clue to the lowest level of the playwright's satiric intent and achievement.

Vampire Bat. Ozzie, played with translucent poignancy by Tom Aldredge, is tortured by lost youth, lost potency, lost possibilities. He cries out for a past when he wore no straitjacket: "I was nobody's goddam father. I was nobody's goddam husband, and I could run—nobody could run the way I could run—run for the sun." That is pain distilled into compassion, a special gift of David Raabe's. Harriet (Elizabeth Wilson) is one of those mothers who likes to think that she only "lives for others"—as selflessly as a vampire bat. David's younger brother Rick (Cliff DeYoung) pops in and out of the house with a vacuous "Hi Mom, hi Dad; bye Mom, bye Dad" that might be a recorded announcement. At the still cen-



ALDREDGE & GIM IN "BONES"
Gliding specter of guilt.

Air-Conditioned Hell

The bloody war in Viet Nam actively testers in the imagination of one of the more promising young U.S. playwrights, David Raabe. In his drama of last season, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, the taste of blood and the apprehension of imminent death gave the evening an elastic tension. His offering last week, *Stricks and Bones*, presented at Joseph Papp's Public Theater (TIME, Nov. 15), might be a sequel to *Pavlo Hummel*. The hero has returned from Viet Nam not dead but blind, a walking corpse in some perpetual nightmare of the soul. There is blood again, but it is a kind of insane red laughter gurgling in the throat.

David (David Selby) has come home to a double death. Sightless he suddenly sees the members of his family for what they are, characters out of an adman's superdreams, puppets dangling from dentifrices, automobiles and cellophane, living on packaged illusions and self-destructive myths. They are hypocrites and moles. They are also a sad-funny, surreal-absurdist clan, whose like has not been seen on the U.S. stage since Edward Albee's *The American Dream*. The father is named

ter of this air-conditioned hell stands David, graver than a Greek chorus in his comments, with the memory-memorable of the Vietnamese girl (Asa Gim) he had once loved. She glides through the rooms or sits in mute beauty, the specter of guilt.

While the territory he traverses is not new, Raabe strides across it with such intensity that the playgoer is raptly involved. What *Stricks and Bones* lacks is size and scope. Raabe is good enough so that he ought to ponder what makes a dramatist an enduring force rather than simply a Geiger counter of his times. The Greeks and the Elizabethans, who deemed men valiant heroes as great as their doom, produced awesome drama. It is the current American fashion to see men as brain-bleached automatons, and our drama has shrunk to precisely those mean, narrow and dispiriting dimensions.

★T.E.K.

MEDICINE

Curing the Emergency Room

When Dr. Gail Anderson split open his finger in a Saturday backyard accident recently he knew just where to go. The Los Angeles County—University of Southern California Medical Center is only minutes from his home and has one of the best-equipped emergency rooms in the area. The experience was not totally satisfactory, however. Though the injury obviously made writing difficult, a clerk insisted that he fill out a form. Then he had to wait 90 minutes before the finger was stitched.

At least the emergency-room staff could not be accused of favoritism. Upon entering, Anderson had identified himself as the hospital's director of emergency-room medicine. As an E.R. patient, Anderson says, "There were a lot of things I didn't like."

Uneven Quality. He is not alone. There are a great many things that both doctors and laymen dislike about E.R. practice in the U.S. Patients are understandably upset by the often uncaring attitudes of hospital personnel and the uneven quality of treatment. Doctors increasingly share that concern and add that emergency rooms are themselves facing an emergency situation. The principal reasons:

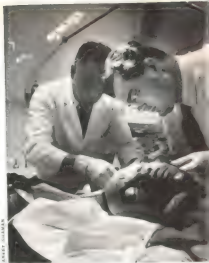
► Demands on E.R.s have increased

dramatically. Between 1965 and 1970, hospital admissions in the U.S. rose 11%; E.R. visits increased 49%—though not as a result of rising accident or injury rates. With the continued decline in the number of general practitioners, thousands of patients have begun turning to E.R.s for routine care. According to one nationwide study, more than half of all E.R. patients do not have acute illnesses or injuries, but have nowhere else to go. "The E.R. is the G.P. up here," says Anthony Triulzi, administrator of the 225-bed Kingston (N.Y.) Hospital. "We see everything from cat scratches to gunshot."

► Equipment in E.R.s is often poor. A study by the American Hospital Association reveals that of the country's 5,338 community hospitals 5,129 have E.R.s, but almost half lack intensive-care units, 40% lack blood banks, and 58% are unequipped to deal with cardiac emergencies.

► Staffs are often inadequate. Although experienced physicians are "on call," most hospitals use interns to man their emergency rooms day to day. Others hire unlicensed foreign physicians, a practice that can raise dangerous communication problems in the hectic E.R. atmosphere.

While they are concerned about the trend toward using E.R.s as general clin-



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ics, hospital authorities recognize that it has gone too far to be reversed. "The use of the emergency department," says Dr. Leon Taubenhans, director of community health services for New York City's Beekman-Downtown Hospital, "is reflective of the inadequacies of medical care within the community the hospital serves." Gail Anderson, whose facility handles 30,000 patients a month, agrees. "Demands on the emergency room are not going to decrease," he says.

In many areas, steps are being taken

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to meet those demands. Several hospitals have hired physicians whose full-time job is to oversee emergency-room procedures. Kingston Hospital pays three doctors \$30,000 a year each to provide 24-hour E.R. coverage; long lines of patients still form, although the minimum charge to see a doctor is \$16. Other hospitals are seeking to improve care by training doctors specifically to treat acute situations. The 2,000-member American Association of Emergency Room Physicians has been pressing to make emergency medicine a recognized subspe-

cialty. U.S.C. has taken a step in this direction by becoming one of the first schools in the country to set up a department of emergency medicine. It has also used a grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to establish a residency in emergency medicine at Los Angeles County Hospital.

Selective Prejudice. New York City's Bellevue Hospital Center has separated its pediatric and psychiatric emergency facilities from its trauma section, installed a 16-bed intensive-care section, an X-ray unit and a computerized lab-

oratory within yards of the emergency entrance. Beekman-Downtown, in the shadow of New York's City Hall, has similar facilities in its newly constructed emergency department, plus an unusual addition: a room with hoses and fans to wash down and aerate those who have been tear-gassed in demonstrations.

The most important changes have been in organization and attitudes. "Patients have to get to the right place," says Dr. Max Weil of Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. "Personnel must be selectively prejudiced in favor of the individual who can't wait." To promote this sense of discrimination, Weil urges a screening system to separate the critically ill or injured from those in less serious condition. He would direct the remainder to other departments or clinics within the hospital.

Chicago's grant Cook County Hospital, which handles up to 1,000 new patients a day, has already instituted such a system. Instead of a traditional all-purpose emergency room, it has an admitting department run by a doctor who serves as a triage, or sorting officer. He sees each patient within two minutes of admittance, makes a quick decision as to where the patient should go for treatment. The system means that people will not be served in the order of their arrival, but it should go a long way toward providing prompt and proper attention for serious cases—which is what an emergency room is supposed to offer.

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Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lake Charles, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle

Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Warren, 7/1, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
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BUSINESS

Wall Street's Favorite Bureaucrat—Now

THE kids on the block in Queens where William Casey grew up called him Cyclone because his angular body seemed to be constantly in motion. The nickname still fits Casey, who is now chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. His seven months in office have been filled with a hustle that the agency had seldom known in its first 37 years.

Under Casey's guidance, the SEC has moved briskly to enforce negotiated brokerage-commission rates on stock trades of more than \$500,000, order stricter capital requirements for securities firms, tighten up corporate bookkeeping and require all companies whose stock is bought by the public to make fuller disclosures of financial information. Last week the SEC proposed new rules that would unequivocally prevent brokerage firms from using customers' cash and securities for their own purposes; the regulations would supersede New York Stock Exchange rules, which were not always obeyed. Next week Casey will conclude a month of hearings in Washington on a topic no less ambitious than the entire structure of the securities industry.

Zeal and Understanding. As if to heighten his aura of activity, Casey fills any gaps in his crowded schedule with press interviews, speaking engagements and visits to Wall Street trading floors. Such visibility is a striking contrast to the low profile maintained by the man he succeeded, Harmer Budge. Casey even matches the ebullience of Budge's predecessor, Manuel Cohen, whose activist zeal did not endear him to many securities men.

Casey, though, is held in surprising esteem by the Wall Streeters whom he regulates. "You get a sense that he listens," says William R. Salomon, managing partner of Salomon Brothers, one of the nation's largest investment banking firms, "and just as important, that he understands what you are talking about." Says an admiring Robert Haack, president of the New York Stock Exchange: "The man seems impatient with delay. Once he identifies a problem, he seems to want to solve it and move on to the next."

Casey's fans dismiss the fact that he stepped into his job with little Wall Street experience. He was a heavy contributor to the Republican National Committee and a law partner of its former chairman, Leonard Hall, before the President picked him for the SEC chairmanship last winter. The appointment ran into trouble in the Senate Banking Committee, where Casey was grilled at length about his role in three civil lawsuits between 1962 and

1965, two of which involved securities. He was finally approved by the Senate in March.

Dead Center. Casey's activism is popular partly because it comes at a crucial moment for the securities industry. Brokerage firms are staggering under rising costs and mountainous paperwork; 129 houses have been forced into liq-



SEC'S WILLIAM CASEY
Impatient with delay.

uidation or merger. Large money-managing institutions like mutual funds and insurance companies are seeking membership on the New York and American stock exchanges in order to save on brokerage commissions. Because of antitrust prodding by the Justice Department, negotiated commission rates will almost surely have to be extended to cover trades of less than \$500,000. Regional stock exchanges and the "third market" of off-the-floor trading in listed shares are gaining volume at the expense of the two major exchanges.

Some brokers warn that if computerized trading systems like one introduced this year by the National Association of Securities Dealers are expanded, major stock exchanges may no longer be needed.

Faced by such problems, brokers who once feared SEC supervision are now looking to the agency for leadership. "The feeling around here is that we've been on dead center too long and that Casey will get things moving," says William Salomon. "Even if he makes unpopular decisions, the mere fact that he is taking affirmative action will make most of us support him."

But will it really, though? Much of Casey's popularity stems from the fact that no one yet knows where he stands on the big issues. His reforms so far have been needed and overdue, but relatively uncontroversial. His hearings seem designed largely to give him a quick education in Wall Street's problems. Many of the same difficulties are being investigated separately by Senate and House committees; Casey denies that the SEC hearings are intended to beat Congress to the punch, but with characteristic alacrity he has promised to have a full set of conclusions and recommendations ready early next month.

Divided Street. When they are released, it is hard to see how Casey's honeymoon with all of Wall Street can continue for very long. At the moment securities men believe that Casey is inclined to give them what they want, and he does not dispute that. "I'm certainly not unfriendly to Wall Street," he says. "My purpose is to see that Wall Street serves the public interest. I can induce them into taking action, but I cannot do that if I come screaming at them."

Wall Street, however, cannot agree on what it wants: Casey's hearings have disclosed bitter division on all the large issues. Major brokerage firms like Merrill Lynch, for example, would like to see negotiated commissions rather than fixed rates on almost all stock trades, so that they could compete more effectively with the rates arrived at by haggling between investors and brokers who are not members of large stock exchanges. Smaller brokers fear that the resulting commission cutting would bring about a catastrophic loss of revenue. For the moment, each side can hope that the SEC chairman will decide in its favor. But when Casey finally comes to bat on the main issues, he is sure to alienate some Wall Streeters. He will need all the popularity he has won among the others in order to get his decisions accepted.



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Conscience Money

In the hardheaded world of professional money managers, the rule for years was that the only wise investment was the one that turned a profit. An investor troubled by the idea of financing the military-industrial complex, pollution or racist hiring practices had to hunt up "clean" stocks on his own. Now, however, there is a new breed of mutual funds that caters to the customer with social scruples.

About half a dozen such "conscience funds" are either in operation or in registration with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Each is still small by industry standards (less than \$2,500,000 in assets). Except for the forthcoming Dreyfus Third Century Fund, all are "no load" funds sold without a sales charge. The generalities end there, since what seems a socially desirable investment to one portfolio manager may be an abomination to another. Among the funds that allow an investor to put his money where his conscience is:

PAX WORLD FUND, launched last summer by two national officers of the United Methodist Church, avoids investing in any company on the Pentagon's list of the 100 largest U.S. defense contractors, or in any firm that counts on defense-related products or services for more than 5% of its sales. The churchmen have found this a difficult mandate to observe. They wanted to invest in Johnson & Johnson Co., which sells medical supplies to the military, but the SEC ruled that the company is a defense contractor as defined in the Pax World prospectus.

THE DREYFUS THIRD CENTURY FUND is the newest addition to the mutual fund empire of Howard Stein. Third Century's portfolio analysts will use a complex system of weighted criteria. Firms will be ranked according to the concern they exhibit for consumers, the environment, occupational safety and equal employment

opportunity. The companies with the highest ratings will then be examined in light of normal investment standards.

VANTAGE 10/90 FUND, the oldest and largest of the conscience funds, has grown from \$135,000 in assets to \$2,500,000 in three years. Its net asset value per share has increased 9% since 1969, while that of the mutual-fund industry as a whole has dropped 10%. Vantage allows its shareholders to specify how 10% to 15% of their capital is to be divided among companies active in three categories of social concern—the environment, the cities and hunger. The rest of the fund's assets are invested by its managers according to largely financial considerations.

SOCIAL DIMENSIONS FUND, founded by Ralph Quinter, 32-year-old president of the old-line Pennsylvania Mutual Fund, has not yet been approved by the SEC. Quinter has arranged for the Council on Economic Priorities, a New York-based public-interest research group, to provide information about which companies and industries behave best with regard to such "social criteria" as environmental protection, employee job training and product safety.

FIRST SPECTRUM FUND is the brainchild of two former Manhattan stockbrokers, Thomas N. Delaney Jr. and Royce N. Flippin Jr., who scraped together \$50,000 of their own money and have raised \$125,000 from new investors. Contrary to some views of social responsibility, First Spectrum invests in pollution-prone oil and manufacturing companies if their managements are taking steps to protect the environment. The fund bought into Norton Simon Inc. because of the Hunt-Wesson Foods subsidiary's policy of hiring ex-convicts—and shrugged off the fact that another Simon subsidiary, Somerset Importers, has a different claim to fame in its Johnnie Walker Scotch. "We decided it would be hypocritical to exclude the company just because it sells Scotch," Delaney said. "We both drink."

INDONESIA

First Fruits

Industrial nations, particularly the raw-material-starved Japanese, long hungered after Indonesia's largely untapped hoard of oil, copper, nickel and timber. But intense nationalism and chronic political upheaval kept foreigners out until volatile President Sukarno was overthrown in 1965. Since the new government began encouraging outside investment two years later, hundreds of companies from Japan, the U.S., Europe and the Philippines have poured \$250 million into the archipelago, mostly for mining and logging, and have pledged to spend another \$1.15 billion. On top of that, they are spending \$150 million annually exploring offshore for oil.

Only the first fruits of these efforts are now becoming available, but they hold much promise of turning Indonesia into an important producer of several materials for which the industrialized world could use an alternative source of supply. Canadian labor strikes in the past have caused highly inflationary shortages of nickel, for example, and the attitude of Chile's Marxist government threatens the stability of world copper production. Western nations also worry about the prospect of a shutdown of Mideast oil wells by Arab governments seeking more revenue. In newly stable Indonesia, the problems are merely finding the materials and bringing them to market.

Mountains and Jungles. Indonesia's resources are as vast as the country itself, which ranks fifth in the world in population. There are 300 million acres of teak, sandalwood, ebony and other valuable timber, at least one-fortieth of the world's oil reserves under the soil and probably far more offshore, and unmeasured quantities of copper and nickel ore. Experts estimate that Ertzberg Mountain in West Irian, which is the Indonesian half of New Guinea, contains

EXPLORING FOR NICKEL IN INDONESIAN JUNGLE



Seattle is sending drunk drivers to a resort.

Nestled among the scenic mountains of King County, Washington, is a lodge called Cedar Hills.

It's out in the boondocks, what Seattlers call the dingweeds, and where a lot of surprised problem-drinking drivers are finding themselves after their second offense.

Here the Seattle/King County Alcohol Safety Action Program is conducting an innovational behavior modification program called PDD/CRASH.

(Problem Drinking Driver/Court Referred Action for Safer Highways.)

It's thirty days of intensive education and group dynamics, and it hopes to change the problem drinker's attitude toward his problem and toward his drinking as it relates to driving.

It's thirty days of help in place of thirty days in jail, which were doing no one any good.

PDD/CRASH is a brand new program. Only a handful of people have been through it so far.

It's still too early to measure success, but it is a rational, constructive step in the right direction.

PDD/CRASH is only part of the program being conducted in Seattle. Through their total effort and through efforts made by other Alcohol Safety Action Programs across the country, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration expects to come up with recommendations for an effective nationwide program to stop drunk driving.

State Farm endorses this effort because nearly thirty thousand drivers, passengers and pedestrians were killed last year in alcohol-related accidents.

The goal is to have 86 Alcohol Safety Action Programs throughout the country. To find out more about the programs and to find out what you can do to help them, write the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, Department of Transportation, Washington, D. C. 20590



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Perhaps they aren't aware that contaminated music can grievously affect their musical perspective.

We doubt, in fact, that a person who has grown up with the phoney bass and shrill treble of a 3-inch speaker would even rec-

ognize the true sound of a cello or an oboe. And don't think that classical music is the only kind that suffers. A steady diet of canned string bass and garbled lead singers can also warp your judgment of the real thing.

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In our most expensive equipment, we like to think we come extremely close to the pure sound of live music. In our less expensive equipment, we still come awfully close. We guarantee that if you grow up with Fisher equipment, no matter what the price category, you'll have a genuine appreciation for uncontaminated sound.

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33 million tons of copper, gold, silver and iron ore all by itself.

Bringing these riches to the outside world is another matter, and in most cases the payoff is years away. Freeport Indonesia Inc., a subsidiary of U.S.-owned Freeport Minerals Co., must finish a 70-mile highway over rugged mountains and through jungle-choked valleys before it can begin exporting ore from its Ertsberg mining site in 1973. P.T. International Nickel Indonesia, a subsidiary of International Nickel Co., of Canada, last June reported finding "significant" nickel deposits on the island of Sulawesi but does not expect to begin production before 1975. By then it will have constructed a \$200 million mine and ore-processing plant. Others are not even that close to production. Alcoa is prospecting for bauxite in west Kalimantan and north Sumatra; N.V. Bilition Maatschappij of The Netherlands for tin off the shores of Bangka and southwest Kalimantan; and a Kennecott Copper Corp. subsidiary for all kinds of minerals in West Irian, central Java and Sumatra.

No Choice. Forest and oil exploitation, however, are already bringing returns. U.S. and Asian loggers boosted Indonesia's timber exports to \$110 million last year, 70% over 1969, and expect to double that by 1973. Working with Pertamina, the state-owned oil monopoly, several foreign firms—including U.S.-owned Atlantic Richfield Co. and Union Oil Co.—recently began producing oil from wells in the Java Sea and adjacent waters. Already the major oil producer in the Far East, Indonesia expects to pump out 1,000,000 bbl. a day this year and 2,000,000 daily by the mid-1970s. That would about equal the present output in Iraq.

Indonesia, which has a per capita annual income of under \$100, desperately needs foreign money both to improve its people's living standards and to pay off \$2.1 billion in foreign debts inherited from Sukarno and an additional \$2 billion incurred since his ouster. At least for now, most citizens would agree with Mohammad Sadli, chairman of the Foreign Investment Board, that the country must welcome outside development capital because "we have no choice."

INSURANCE

A Fat Policy

Along with shrinking clothing sizes and reduced food budgets, overweight people who go on a diet can now have another tangible measure of their progress: life-insurance rates that trim down along with their waists. Under a new program being offered to members of Weight Watchers International, Inc., the firm that in the past eight years has signed up some 3,000,000 fatties for weight-reduction programs, premiums for term life-insurance policies are based not only on age but also on bulk. Members who lose the required number of pounds and keep them off for at least



WEIGHT WATCHER WEIGHS IN
Cash and calories.

six months are given rate reductions.

For the plump, the premiums are often lower than what most major insurance companies ask on regular policies. For the mountainous, the plan offers coverage that conventional insurance companies will not sell, because grossly excess weight is a serious health risk. For women 5 ft. 7 in. tall, for example, American International Life Assurance Co., which underwrites the policies, specifies premiums based on weights ranging from a hilly 159 lbs. (\$13.31 for a \$5,000 policy at age 40) to a hippopotamus 302 lbs. (\$53.66). Policyholders consigned to Class VI, the most cholesterol-clogged division, pay about four times the premium assessed on people of the same age who have reached the Weight Watchers "goal" weights. Thus the cost of an eating spree can now be measured in cash as well as calories.

AIRCRAFT

Culture Shokku in Texas

It sounds like the opening of a Woody Allen movie: a Japanese businessman, togged out in Stetson, chaps and boots, strides into a small West Texas grocery to ask the startled storekeeper if he would please stock fresh squid. Such events, however, have become part of everyday life in the prairie town of San Angelo (pop. 63,884). There, some 30 Japanese executives have adapted to the Texas life-style well enough to make a thriving operation out of an aircraft-assembly plant owned by Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Japan's fourth largest industrial company (1970 sales: \$2.6 bil-

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lion). Last year Mitsubishi corralled \$16 million in sales and 25% of the U.S. market for executive turboprop aircraft by selling 41 planes put together in San Angelo from parts made in the U.S. and Japan.

Translation, Please. Such success is rare, Japanese industry, of course, has developed an enormous American demand for its export products, but high wage costs have kept all but a handful of Japanese firms from even trying to manufacture in the U.S. Aside from Mitsubishi, Japanese companies own and operate only four plants in the U.S., and all are experiencing difficulties. The main reason is that Japanese executives in the U.S. tend to base production schedules on the pace of Japanese factories, where workers put in six eight-hour days a week. When Mitsubishi took over the San Angelo plant of a U.S. subcontractor in 1969, its executives made it plain that they would not expect the employees to adopt Japanese habits. They have contented themselves with the work pace that American foremen can get out of 100 Texans who put in conventional 40-hour weeks.

Even with this basic understanding, bosses and workers have experienced some mutual culture *shokku*. Language difficulties have bothered both sides. Some Texan employees point to office signs exhorting them *GOOD COMMUNICATIONS—SAY IT—DO IT—QUICK ACTION* and suggest that they be retranslated into Japanese. A Japanese executive was bewildered one morning when an American salesman greeted him by drawing, "How're ya doin'?" Replied the boss: "I not yet doing. I just get here."

Remember the Zero. More seriously, some of the Americans complain that the thorough Japanese sometimes take three weeks to make a seemingly simple decision. As for the Japanese, each of whom expects to spend up to six years in San Angelo, they worry that their children are becoming too Americanized. Two children of a Mitsubishi executive recently returned to Japan and scandalized relatives by forgetting to take off their shoes before entering the family home.

Still, the Japanese and Texans have learned to accept each other with wry humor. Most of the American workers, for example, joke about the fact that their company initially gained fame by making the World War II Zero fighter. But most townspeople respect the Japanese for being "hard-working, intelligent and polite," as a local banker puts it. The fact that Mitsubishi's wages pump \$1.2 million annually into the local economy, and that the company expects to increase production in San Angelo 50% by 1972, undoubtedly helps. Some final signs of acceptance: the San Angelo Country Club this month made Plant President Makoto Kuroiwa a member—and he now asks the Texans to call him Mike.



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CINEMA

Last of the Dinosaurs

Fiddler on the Roof now joins the company of *Star! Hello, Dolly! Paint Your Wagon* and *Dr. Dolittle*—the last, lumbering dinosaurs from the era of big-budget musicals. The qualities that have kept the Broadway *Fiddler* running these seven years are in scant supply on-screen. Gone with barely a trace are warmth, joy, insight and even the most elementary kind of entertainment. The story of Tevye, the milkman of a small village in czarist Russia around the time of the pogroms, his nagging wife and his nubile daughters, is a modest affair requiring intimate treatment. Instead, it gets a full-scale Hollywood production. There is a Panavision screen that does not enlarge the proceedings so much as bloat them, color photography that seems poured over the film like a thickening gravy, and a stereophonic sound system that blares the music at high volume and low impact.

The tunes (which rate pretty high by Broadway standards) are more or less intact. The talent is not. The dances—including an endless wedding celebration—are seemingly performed by one of those middle-European troupes Ed Sullivan used for cultural filler. Most sorely missed is the magisterial Zero Mostel in the role of Tevye, which he created on the stage. He has been replaced for unfathomable reasons by the Israeli star Topol, who labors under the handicap of having to project great amounts of charm and personality when he has none to spare. The credits for

Fiddler list Norman Jewison as producer and director. On the basis of this and past efforts (*The Thomas Crown Affair*, *Gaily, Gaily*), he might better be called an anaesthetist.

■ Jay Cocks

To the Hilt

On an informal Richter scale of movie terror, *Play Misty for Me* registers a few gasps, some frissons and at least one spleen-shaking shudder. A good little scare show, in other words, despite various gaps in logic and probability.

The premise, at least, is intriguingly feasible. Dave Garland (Clint Eastwood) is a late-night California disk jockey who coos cut-rate Oriental wisdom between sides of soft jazz. One of his female listeners is in the habit of calling in and requesting, in alluring tones, "Play *Misty* for me." Garland complies. Later, by no accident, they meet.

Her name is Evelyn (Jessica Walter); she is an eager, edgy girl who casually offers herself to Garland. Just finished with one affair, he accepts. Evelyn turns out to be pathologically possessive and intent on having her own way. No sooner does she get into Garland's bed than she wants to move into his house. Halfheartedly he lets her into his life. Then his former lover (Donna Mills) comes back to town, and they resume their affair. Evelyn does not take her rejection easily. She does not, in fact, take it at all. Her revenge is the source of all the shivers in *Play Misty for Me*.

As frightening as she is sexy, Walter plays her part to the hilt, which in one case is at the end of a 10-in. blade. Eastwood, making his first directorial outing, has to chart a course through the holes in the plot. There are a couple of hackneyed moments (notably a nude love scene), but Eastwood displays a vigorous talent for sequences of violence and tension. He has obviously seen *Psycho* and *Repulsion* more than once, but those are excellent texts and he has learned his lessons passing well.

■ J.C.

Ersatz Poppins

Bedknobs and Broomsticks is a present for the holiday season from the Disney studios. It's like getting a lump of coal in your Christmas stocking. Made in blatant imitation of *Mary Poppins*, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* concerns the singularly unengaging adventures of an amateur witch named Eglantine Price (Angela Lansbury) and her three cockney charges (Roy Snart, Ian Weighill and Cindy O'Callaghan) during the early days of England's involvement in the second World War. It must be the first movie in history to combine Nazis and singing fish.

Miss Price is about to complete a



LANSBURY IN "BEDKNOBS"
Sidewalk sorcery.

correspondence course in witchcraft when her broomstick arrives in the mail without the final lesson. She bundles the kids onto a magic brass bed that flies them away from their little cottage by the white cliffs of Dover for a trip to London. The "headmaster" of the correspondence school, a sidewalk sorcerer named Professor Emelius Browne (David Tomlinson), joins the group in a search for a magic amulet that will complete the correspondence course and secure Miss Price's powers.

Their journey in the magic bed to the enchanted Isle of Naboombu, which is populated, in predictable Disney tradition, by anthropomorphic cartoon creatures. Professor Browne wrests the amulet from the lion king and the jolly group is off again, back to the cliffside cottage where they settle down to battle Germans with their sorcery.

Bedknobs and Broomsticks could use some magic itself. The fantasy is earthbound, the score by Richard and Robert Sherman (who also wrote music and lyrics for *Mary Poppins*) is forgettable, the special effects lackadaisical. There are so many ill-concealed wires in one sequence that the actors look like marionettes. Miss Lansbury has not yet fully recovered from playing *Mame*, and Director Robert Stevenson has accomplished what has long been rumored to be impossible. He has found three British children totally devoid of talent. If only W.C. Fields were here to throttle them.

As usual, the Disney animators take the day. The cartoon sequences in Naboombu are frustratingly brief but charming. An interlude in a dance hall under the Naboombu Lagoon and another of an uproarious soccer match between the animals are reminiscent of the days when the Disney people used to make really good movies.

■ J.C.



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BOOKS

Multitudes, Multitudes!

THE WINDS OF WAR by Herman Wouk.
885 pages. Little, Brown, \$10.

Somewhere between the perspectives of history and the warmth of personal recollection, the American experience of World War II lingers on in a peculiar compartment of the mind. For most people under 30, that war may already be one with Bull Run and Thermopylae. But anyone 40 or above is likely to remember it—whether in horror or in heroism—as the shaping experience of a lifetime. Despite ambiguities and reservations laid down by the revisionists, it was, after all, a struggle in which it was still easy to distinguish between the good guys and the bad guys—and the good guys won.

The torrent of words raised in celebration or regret has necessarily dealt in fragments. The scope of the war, the vast numbers of lives involved, make any whole accounting of it impossible. In some ways, the best hope for a unified dramatic impression lies in fiction. Yet American war novels so far have ranged from broad-gauged pop, with legions of far-flung participants (Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions*, 1948), to hysterically myopic, if sometimes heartbreakingly funny indictments of war as madness (*Catch-22*, 1961). In between, slogging platoons and companies (led by Sergeants Mailer and Jones) glumly pressed military microcosms into the service of an important but dreary message: combat is sheer hell.

Literary Logistics. Now comes Herman Wouk with serious intentions, a book more or less the size of *War and Peace*, and an opening dedication to his two sons marked with the single Hebrew word *zachor* (remember). Cynics might have been forgiven for thinking that with *The Caine Mutiny* Wouk had already written his World War II novel and moved on more or less permanently to such subjects as the plight of the Jewish princess defending her virtue (*Margorie Morningstar*), or creeping decadence in the Caribbean (*Don't Stop the Carnival*). Not so. A thoughtful man, an Orthodox Jew and a methodical, ambitious writer, Wouk has just poured some seven years of his life into *The Winds of War* and its yet to be completed sequel. His aim: nothing less than to do for the middle-class American version of World War II pretty much what Tolstoy did for the Battle of Borodino.

The literary logistics involved are, to put it mildly, colossal. *Winds* begins in the Washington of 1939, in the mind of Commander "Pug" Henry, an upright WASP of the old school who is

about to be posted to Berlin as the new U.S. naval attaché. The book ends a few days after Pearl Harbor. By that time Henry has served Franklin Roosevelt as a special observer in Germany, Britain and Russia, acquired a pregnant Jewish daughter-in-law who is still trying to escape from Nazi Europe, refused to give his foolish, flighty wife a divorce, and seen his first battleship command, the U.S.S. *California*, blasted by Japanese torpedoes before he can even go aboard her.

In exasperating moments, the title of



HERMAN WOUK

Shaping the experience of a lifetime.

an imaginary radio serial called *One Man's Family Goes to War* flashes to mind. Pug Henry is a useful enough American character, a blend, say, of Sinclair Lewis' Arrowsmith and NASA's Neil Armstrong: God-fearing, highly disciplined, pragmatic, undemonstrative, scrupulous, brilliant but unimaginative—the best we had in a time when that best seemed more adequate to deal with the world than it does today. As the book goes along, one is inclined to forgive Henry, and the author, the narrative necessities that shoot him hither and yon and miraculously equip him with the Russian and German necessary to do his work for Wouk, F.D.R. and the reader.

F.D.R.'s Martinis. Not so the other Henrys. The wife who would worry about getting her hair done on the day of Armageddon, a wayward daughter caught up in the sleazy radio industry in New York, two naval-officer sons, all are conventional appurtenances, with-

out the emotional or dynastic depth to support a drama on the scale of World War II. What soon becomes clear, though, is that *Winds of War* is an upside-down *Bildungsroman*, in which the author, not the characters, keeps growing. Wouk's passionate interest in the war, his desire to evoke it, often carries him (and sometimes the reader) beyond conventional narrative into a curious kind of telescoped history.

Throughout, Wouk confronts great personages head-on. His research has been massive; yet a sense of strain afflicts conversations with the likes of Hitler, Göring and Roosevelt. Did Wouk invent or acquire from some historical

footnote that bit about the President's martinis? ("This is an excellent martini," Pug says to a beaming F.D.R. "I; sort of tastes like it isn't there. Just a cold cloud.") Hitler's nervous little knee kick is familiar, but what about those "snatching, greedy fingers" as the Führer gobbles iced cukes at a reception? There are no great scenes. But a number seem splendidly effective. Among them: a Russian tank battle in the snow; an exchange of cheers and threats at a Kremlin party for a visiting U.S. delegation in 1941; Americans—including Henry's daughter-in-law—caught in Poland by Hitler's armies, being returned to freedom despite an SS officer who tries to discover which ones are Jews; a dinner party in New York where a feckless and likable young Communist talks blithely about the state withering away.

One of Wouk's best inventions is a series of chapters excerpted from a book by Armin von Roon, an imaginary member of the German General Staff. By turns Gothic and grotesque, or possessed of flashing geopolitical insight, Von Roon provocatively fills in the military and strategic history (Poland, Norway, France, Russia) in ways well calculated to stir indignation or imagination in American readers, who have a provincial tendency to think the war was really won or lost in Western Europe. Von Roon is most handy, indeed, in helping Wouk surmount one of the great problems posed by a book of this kind: the need to touch the imagination by undoing the encrusted assumptions that what actually did happen was inevitable.

Despite all its shortcomings, *The Winds of War* stirs again a sense of pain and folly at the incredible lethargy of Jews and non-Jews alike in recognizing the threat that Hitler represented. As to Franklin Roosevelt's political maneuverings (more or less against the will of the American people) to get the Draft Act passed, legalize Lend-Lease to Britain and Russia and set the Navy conveying supplies in the Atlantic, these now remote matters are thrust once again into a balance upon

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PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH a month under age 65 for each accident or illness. Benefits begin your first day in the hospital, and up to \$15,000. for each benefit period.

PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH a month for each accident or illness or your insured wife, benefits begin the very first day in hospital. Up to \$15,000. for each benefit period. (Same 65 or over benefit as yours).

PAYS YOU UP TO \$300 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH a month when you're 65 or over, for first 2 months and \$600 a month thereafter up to \$14,400 for each benefit period—this in addition to Medicare.

PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH a month for maternity benefits from first day in hospital for your insured wife.

PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH additional for Intensive Care.

PAYS YOU UP TO \$300 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH a month for each covered child. Benefits from first day in hospital and up to \$7,500 for each benefit period.

PAYS YOU UP TO \$300 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH a month for each hospital benefit period for Nursing Home Care, regardless of age.

PLUS: YOUR EXTRA CASH BENEFITS INCREASE 5% A YEAR, for 5 years—a total of 25%—to keep pace with the rising cost of living!

YES.

EXTRA CASH/PLUS pays up to \$15,000. Pays new Cost-of-Living Raises and more. Puts TAX-FREE CASH right in your pocket. Pays sooner . . . from the 1st day . . . pays longer than most, up to 25 months. Pays on top of any other insurance you have, even Blue Cross or Medicare. Yes, Enrollment now only \$1.

This plan pays so much and the \$1 offer is so good, you probably have some questions—or even some doubts. We've put all the answers (including the minor limitations) down right here in black and white for readers of TIME magazine so you won't miss the Enrollment Deadline for the Extra Cash/Plus Plan. Ordinary hospitalization insurance alone just is not enough now, when your family is hit with a hospital stay. Especially with the bigger bills at home. It takes a hospital income plan that pays enough extra money—or you could end up draining your savings. Low-cost Extra Cash/Plus helps answer today's alarming jump in hospital charges. Pays more because it covers more. Helps out for both sickness and accident, the burdensome costs of intensive care and convalescent facilities. Yes, even prepares for further inflation.

Now—for only \$1—with no health questions asked and regardless of your age, or size of your family, you get your first month's protection for all eligible family members.

Your policy will be issued to you on your application with **No age limit for adults, no physicals, no medical questionnaires, without the usual insurance investigations . . .** without any red tape whatsoever . . . and no salesman will call!

All of your unmarried dependent children may be included under this plan between the ages of 1 month and 19 years. Both you and your wife—if neither has been hospital-

ized for sickness for more than a total of seven days in the past two years—are eligible for coverage. There are no other qualifications! The few customary exclusions which help keep your premiums low are described in question and answer (Number 22) at right.

All This and Low Rates, Too! N-BF Life keeps costs down with no red tape because many people are enrolled at one time through the U.S. mails. So after the 1st month (\$1 only) you can continue your Extra Cash/Plus protection at these very LOW MONTHLY RATES shown below.

LOW MONTHLY RATES*

Age of Insured Policyholder**	Policyholder	Policyholder and wife
18-44		
45-54	\$4.50	\$ 8.50
55-64	5.50	10.00
65 and over	6.50	11.50
	8.00	14.50

Only \$2.00 more a month covers all your eligible children—NO MATTER HOW MANY. Sorry, only 1 policy per family.


*Premium based on age of insured and rate schedule on policy's effective date and at time of renewal. When husband and wife are insured, the husband is the policyholder.

MAIL NOW, ENROLLMENT ENDS MIDNIGHT, NOVEMBER 30, 1971

NO-RISK MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Examine your policy. Show it to your insurance agent or other trusted advisor. If not absolutely satisfied, return it within 10 days after receipt. N-BF Life will refund your money at once.

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****NO ADULT AGE LIMIT • NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION • NO SALESMAN WILL CALL**

... And Only \$1 Covers Your Entire Family for First Month.

22 Important Questions & Answers Tell Why: National-Ben Franklin Extra Cash/Plus Policy is your best protection for the lowest cost

1. What are the chances of me going to the hospital?

1 out of 7 people do each year. Could be your wife, children—even you. You could count on up to \$15,000 with Extra Cash/Plus!

2. \$15,000? How Come Extra Cash/Plus Pays So High?

Pays longer than most. \$600 a month, under age 65; up to 25 months for each hospital benefit period. No waiting: pays from the 1st day whether for sickness or accident. NBF Life planned Extra Cash/Plus to plug gaps others miss.

3. What'll They Pay for My Wife?

Same big benefit as yours, \$600 a month (under age 65); up to 25 months, to \$15,000 each hospital benefit period.

4. Are Maternity Benefits Included?

YES! Unlike many policies, Pays \$600 a month, up to 25 months, for your wife's hospital confinement for any pregnancy, or its complications, beginning while both of you are insured. No extra charge!

5. Does "Intensive Care" DOUBLE Our Benefits?

Yes, for adults under 65. Pays \$20 a day up to 30 days. Up to \$600 are added to your hospital income dollars. (Other generous benefits for other age groups.) Of course, regular recovery room service for less than 24 hours is not covered.

6. Does Extra Cash/Plus Cover Nursing Home Care?

Sure does and not many do. Regardless of age, it pays up to \$300—\$10 a day for 30 days (each hospital benefit period) for confinement in a nursing home or hospital convalescent unit, starting within 7 days of a 3-day covered hospital stay.

7. Just What is the 25% Cost-of-Living Raise?

A hedge against even higher hospital costs!

Each person's original benefits will increase 5% for benefit periods which start after the end of the 1st year, similar increases for 4 more years. Totals 25% more cash for you. No added cost!

8. What If I Have Other Insurance?

Extra Cash/Plus pays in addition to group coverage: Workmen's Comp. Medicare, Blue Cross, or any other company's policy.

9. WHO Gets the Cash?

You do. No payments to the doctor, hospital or nursing home unless you say so. It's all yours.

10. All Mine? No Taxes?

No taxes.

11. Will Extra Cash/Plus Take Care of Our Children?

YES! Pays up to \$7500 ... \$300 a month up to 25 months for any of your children's hospital benefit periods. Each new baby is covered automatically after 1 month of age.

12. All at One Price? What a Bargain!

One very LOW premium covers all your children. NO MATTER HOW MANY, over 1 month through 18 years old.

13. Do They Get the "Plus" Benefits, Too?

YES! Up to \$300 additional for Intensive Care; up to \$300 Nursing Home Care. Cost-of-Living Raises will increase children's \$300 benefits to \$375 after 5 years.

14. Just Who Can Get In On Cash/Plus?

Any adult who has not been hospitalized for sickness for more than a week in the last 2 years. No Physical and No Age Limit for adults to apply.

15. What are We Paid at Age 65 or Over?

Extra Cash/Plus pays you up to \$14,400 ... for up to 25 months (over 2 years) for each hospital benefit period. \$300 a month, first 2 months; \$600 a month for 23 months more. This helps lower your rates and the \$600 benefit means more money when you need it most—when Medicare stops.

*Except under Missouri Policies

16. Do We Get the "Intensive Care" Feature?

YES! At age 65 or over, \$10 a day for 30 days; up to \$300, is added to your hospital income payment.

17. What is our total Cost-of-Living raise?

In 5 years, your original benefits will also go up to a total increase of \$375 for each of the first 2 months and \$750 a month thereafter.

18. What am I Paid for Less Than a Month?

You're paid 1/30 of your monthly benefits for each day of confinement from the 1st day.

19. Can Premiums Be Changed or My Policy Cancelled?

Your policy can never be singled out for change or cancellation because of claims or poor health. Rate schedule changes or cancellation could only occur for all policies like yours in your class and State upon proper notice, nothing of the sort is foreseen. You're Safe with Extra Cash/Plus!

20. When Do New Benefit Periods Start?

Each eligible hospital stay for a new sickness or injury starts a new 25-month benefit period. Same or related causes are covered for 25 months; if you're not confined for that ailment for 12 months, a new benefit period begins.

21. What About "Pre-Existing" Conditions?

Even these are covered when hospitalization begins 2 years or more after protection starts.*

22. What Few Exclusions Are There?

Only a few—to help keep your rates low. They are: conditions resulting from declared or undeclared war or act of war, mental illness or nervous disorder, confinement* in a federal hospital or federal convalescent facility. Even maternity is covered when both husband and wife are insured.

*Washington and Montana Residents: 1 year

Florida residents please mail enrollment form to John G. Warner, Agent, Dept. 2370, P.O. Box 4916, Chicago, Illinois 60606

MAIL TO:
NATIONAL-BEN FRANKLIN LIFE, Dept. 2370
860 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60606

OFFICIAL ENROLLMENT FORM

ENROLLMENT ENDS
MIDNIGHT
NOVEMBER 30, 1971

APPLICATION TO NATIONAL-BEN FRANKLIN LIFE INSURANCE CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please Print

YOUR NAME _____ DATE OF BIRTH _____ AGE _____ SEX _____
First Middle Initial Last (mo./day/yr.)

ADDRESS _____ SOCIAL SECURITY NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

List all dependents to be covered. Use separate sheet for additional children.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)	DATE OF BIRTH (mo./day/yr.)	NAME (PLEASE PRINT)	DATE OF BIRTH (mo./day/yr.)
Spouse _____	_____	Child _____	_____
Child _____	_____	Child _____	_____
Child _____	_____	Child _____	_____

I represent that neither I nor my spouse, if listed above, has been hospitalized due to sickness for a total of more than seven days in the last two years. I agree that if both husband and wife are covered, the husband will be the Insured. I understand that coverage will take effect when the policy is issued.

DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

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GTE SYLVANIA

which the fate of much of the world seems to depend.

For this lesson alone, Wouk probably deserves a Distinguished Service Medal of some sort.

"When the two Henry brothers meet in 1940 after so long, there is so much they could say to each other. But with France falling I can't stop." Thus Herman Wouk neatly describes conflict that has preoccupied him for a decade.

A skilled workman, Wouk tried to calculate to a whisker the risks he took in thinning down his people to fatten up his history. With his book already climbing bestseller lists before official publication, perhaps he should no longer worry. Still, the doubt lingers.

Wouk first planned to do a global war novel way back in 1944 when he was serving as executive officer of the destroyer-minesweeper U.S.S. *Southard*. For a while *The Caine Mutiny* threatened to sprawl in that direction, with more home-front material and a subplot in Europe. Wisely Wouk cut it back and waited. It was not until 1962 that he began reading standard histories and serious note taking. Two years later he moved to Washington to be near the National Archives and the Library of Congress. Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews*, Robert Sherwood and Cordell Hull, the Morgenthau diaries, White House recollections light and heavy are only a few of the men and works he has studied. A special favorite is Langer and Gleason's *The Undeclared War*, which yielded a surprising tidbit that he put in the book, the sharp suggestion that the plan for Hitler's assault on Russia fell into American hands well before June 1941. Wouk has plunged into Hegel and the German transcendental idealist Johann Fichte for sections on the origins of German militarism. He has suffered through bomb-damage reports, the recriminations of German generals and the gung-ho accounts of flyers like England's Douglas Bader and Germany's Adolf Galland. He also worked with a Russian tutor so he could talk to people when he traveled to Moscow.

Few of Wouk's readers will care about this underpinning, or about the checking done on his text by such experts as former U.S. Ambassador to Russia Llewellyn Thompson. Still, the sheer variety of his sources resulted in color as well as accuracy. Hermann Göring's 30-volume album of photographs, for example, was full of details on Hitler's dress, poses, even physical mannerisms. The anecdote about F.D.R.'s martini-mixing prowess turned up in Noel Coward. When it comes right down to writing a scene the first time, though, Wouk admits, "you just had to throw all the notes away and see what came."

Wouk is now firmly settled in Washington. His sons are grown (and, he reports, scared of the notion of writing by their father's up-at-5:30-a.m. work schedule). Though he is a board member of the National Symphony and a

We're not about to pull out of Southeast Asia.

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CAMBODIA
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trustee of his Orthodox congregation, he finds that Washington, unlike New York, is not so overloaded with things to do "that you just give up on everything." He hopes to finish the sequel to *The Winds of War* within three years, but will say little more about it than that. Readers, remembering that pregnant Jewish daughter-in-law about to escape to Israel, may reasonably hope for at least a taste of Jaffa oranges.

■ Timothy Faole

Bones, Spears and Hohokam

THE FIRST AMERICAN: A STORY OF NORTH AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY by C.W. Ceram. 357 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$9.95.

More than a decade ago, C.W. Ceram, celebrated popular explicator of archaeology (*Gods, Graves and Scholars*), decided to abandon his "hobby." He would, he said, return to other subjects and write once more under his real name, Kurt W. Marek. Happily, the German-born journalist and critic, after allowing Marek a couple of bylines, could not vanquish Ceram entirely. In *The First American*, Ceram/Marek is back in his old haunts, providing once more a loving, readable, penetrating excavation of antiquity, this time in the New World, where he has settled. The Old World's overlay of monuments and documents often makes archaeology a function of history; in North America it is more closely related to anthropology. Still, as Ceram delves into early man's development here, he cannot resist a good human-interest story.

Girl from Laguna. The oldest human remains discovered in North America so far were found by chance. Howard Wilson, 17, amateur collector of arrowheads, was scratching around near his Laguna Beach home in 1933 when he uncovered a skull. His mother suggested the garbage pail as a suitable receptacle; Howard stoutly held out for a shoe box and eventually gave his find to a museum. Many years and expert examinations later, it was established that the "girl from Laguna" had lived between 15,000 and 18,000 years ago.

This was the approximate time of Ceram's First American, or at least the earliest inhabitant that archaeologists and paleontologists can tell us much about. Miss Laguna herself yielded little information. The subsequent discovery in the Southwest of the flint weapons left behind by the Folsom man and the Sandia man provide more. No bones of these ancients have turned up, but the speared skeletons of their prey from 10,000 or more years ago convey messages. The fact that the tailbones of the giant bison were missing, for instance, suggests that the entire hides were taken, along with the meat. If so, the hunters must have had tools for skinning.

From such fragmentary evidence, a picture of the Early Hunters emerges. They were immigrants; the scientific con-



MOUND DESIGNS FROM THE AIR



HOHOKAM CERAMIC JUG

sensus is that they came from Asia via Siberia, then dispersed east and south. When they arrived is uncertain. However, it is clear that they maintained a nomadic existence. And they were probably of Mongoloid stock, not currently extinct types like the Neanderthals.

Those Who Vanished. Closer to the historical era, comparisons can be made between early Americans and their Old World contemporaries. Ceram tells of the work of Emil Walter Haury, a young field archaeologist in the 1930s who explored a site at Snaketown, Ariz. The Pima Indians said that it once belonged to the "Hohokam" ("those who have vanished"). Haury confirmed that the artistic Hohokam seem to have invented etching around A.D. 1000, hundreds of years before it appeared in Europe. Instead of using metal, they worked with seashells. They cremated their dead, methodically smashing whatever artifacts they had possessed in life, but they left behind irrigation systems whose traces can clearly be seen today.

Throughout the explorations in North America, a frustration and a challenge confront the archaeologist. Unlike their counterparts in Europe and Asia, diggers in America have no early writings to match with physical remains. One of many enigmas never fully elucidated concerns the Mound Builders, who, starting before the birth of Christ, festooned

the U.S. Midwest and other regions with great piles of earth, up to hundreds of feet in diameter. Some of the mounds are shaped like animals, so vast in circumference that their forms could not have been fully perceived at ground level by their creators. Mound building had ceased by the time the first Europeans probed inland in the 16th century. But traces of the practice persisted in the burial rites of such tribes as the Creeks and the Natchez.

Ceram moves from one age to another, pointing out links and gaps. He does not pretend that he is reporting new findings. His mission, rather, is to collect and explain what the scientists have produced. He brings to it an excitement born of the knowledge that new discoveries can be made at any moment that will tell much about the previous tenants of the continent.

■ Laurence J. Barrett

On Location

BEAR ISLAND by Alistair MacLean. 273 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Alistair MacLean is a craftsman of a special product: the instant bestseller and "soon-to-be-made-into-a-major-motion-picture" novel.

His previous efforts composed simultaneously with typewriter and viewfinder include *Ice Station Zebra*, *The Guns of Navarone* and *Where Eagles Dare*. This time the scenario actually concerns the making of a movie. A film company presided over by an evil Germanic butler named Otto Gerran embarks on a re-fitted trawler to shoot on location at Bear Island in the Arctic Circle. Unlike, say, Ian Fleming, who was content with swift caricatures or comic-book effects, MacLean casts a few interesting human characters. There is old Captain Imrie, for example, who drinks like John Barrymore and thinks like Samuel Eliot Morison; and there is a rummy but Jesuitical mate named Stokes, who can remember the specific weather on an afternoon a generation ago.

The trip doesn't go very well. Bodies begin to accumulate in novel ways. Midway through the book, Marlowe, the film company's doctor, turns out to be a British treasury agent as well as a physician. Nazi gold is involved, and guilt for long-ago deaths. Amid the systematic carnage, the reader begins to think of the little version of Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Indians*.

Film makers are negotiating for the rights to *Bear Island*. But as a possible major motion-picture novel, it seems more like a candidate for the Academy Awards of 1948. MacLean writes an almost archaically stylized thriller. If there is no sex, there is enough drinking to sabotage the Thin Man's liver. The final expository "Aha!" scenes suggest a weary late, late show charm: "Let's stop playing silly games," says Marlowe, "for your own game is up."

■ Lance Morrow

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Patrice W. H. Gervais
Chairman & Editorial Director

Land Grab

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Grove Press, Cashing in on Christ: The Estate of Bibbery Making Money (Or Not); Jerome Hoffman's \$100 million—Easy Come, Easy Go; Going Into Partnership with Anna, Inc.; Insurance Tactics for an Annual Meeting, etc.

Treasure

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Why do most businesses fold within a year or two? Mostly a lack of know-how—riches-often-trade you only gain from experience. If you dream of starting your own thing, **The Capitalist Reporter** can help! (1) We look for the ideas whose times have come. New concepts at the start of their climb. Business opportunities you can enter on the ground floor—often with under \$2000 capital. Usually, starting in your spare time—without giving up the security of your present job. (2) We back up our information with actual case histories. From these people—who are actually making it—you learn the techniques & shortcuts that make the difference between success & failure. Profit from their experience!

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Insider

Imagine you own stock in a company. You learn the secrets of the officers & principals are setting off a substantial portion of their shares. Wouldn't you ask, "WHY?" Perhaps you, too, should jump

clear—they might know something you don't. (It would be equally significant, naturally, if they are buying into the company.) **The Capitalist Reporter** brings you late news of key insider trading. Draw your own conclusions. Just remember: Watch what they do—not what they say.

Japan

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Nostalgia

American treasures are all around you—atomic, church bazaar, house-wrecking bottles, obsolete fishing lures.



pre-war comics, vintage railroad timetables, auto repair manuals, posters, beer, movies, advertising, telephone insulators, stuffed birds, old children's books, etc. Their value? \$5, \$10, even \$100 and more. American memorabilia starts in value as much as 200% a year. We give authoritative, up-to-date information on hundreds upon hundreds of specifics to be found in every town in America. Where to look... what to pay... hot new items... how to anticipate future trends... names & addresses of people who buy everything, from old mountaintops to drivelings to used electric chairs. We'll even show you how to conduct garage sales—make \$200 to \$300 a week in your spare time.

Bargains

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Travel

Where to buy luxury cars in Europe (Mercedes, Jaguars, etc.) at discount prices... how to insult thieves, incense natives in their own language... where to pack your kids off to a ranch for summer work... which airport duty-free shops offer authentic bargains (e.g. Amsterdam) and which are best avoided (e.g. Shannon)... wallow in luxury behind the Iron Curtain (like a Capitalist pig?) for under \$10 a day... buy your own crumbling though habitable castle in Spain for about \$5000... deal in black market currency... finance a trip to Hungary on Wikken-rustor blades... etc. Every month, in **The Capitalist Reporter**.

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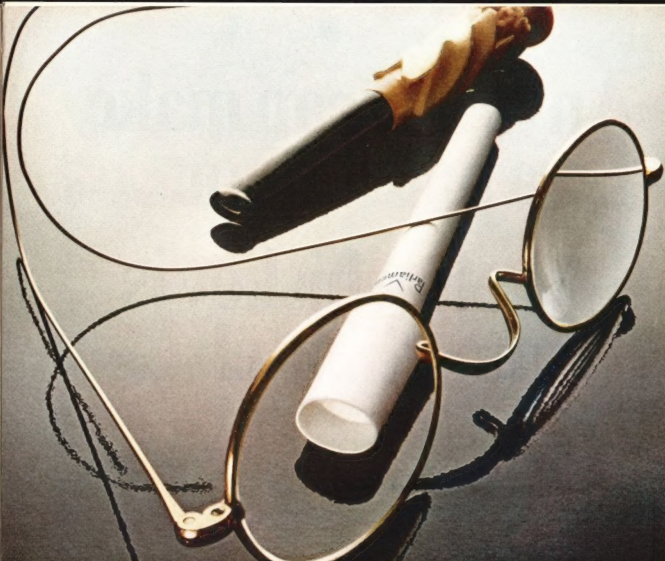
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But we think you'll agree it was worth it.

Calvert Extra. The Soft Whiskey

A pair of round-rimmed glasses with thin metal frames. A cigarette holder is positioned horizontally across the center of the lenses. The holder is white with a black band near the top and a gold-colored band near the bottom. The cigarette is partially visible inside the holder. The background is dark and reflective, showing some light streaks.

Maybe it's time you looked into our cigarette holder.

Peek into the Parliament cigarette holder.

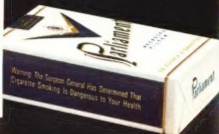
You'll see that the filter is recessed. Tucked back away from your lips.

So what you taste is good, clean Parliament flavor. Without tasting the filter.

Cigarette holders have always been a good idea. And, with ours, you can see why.



It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71